

NATIONAL REVIEW

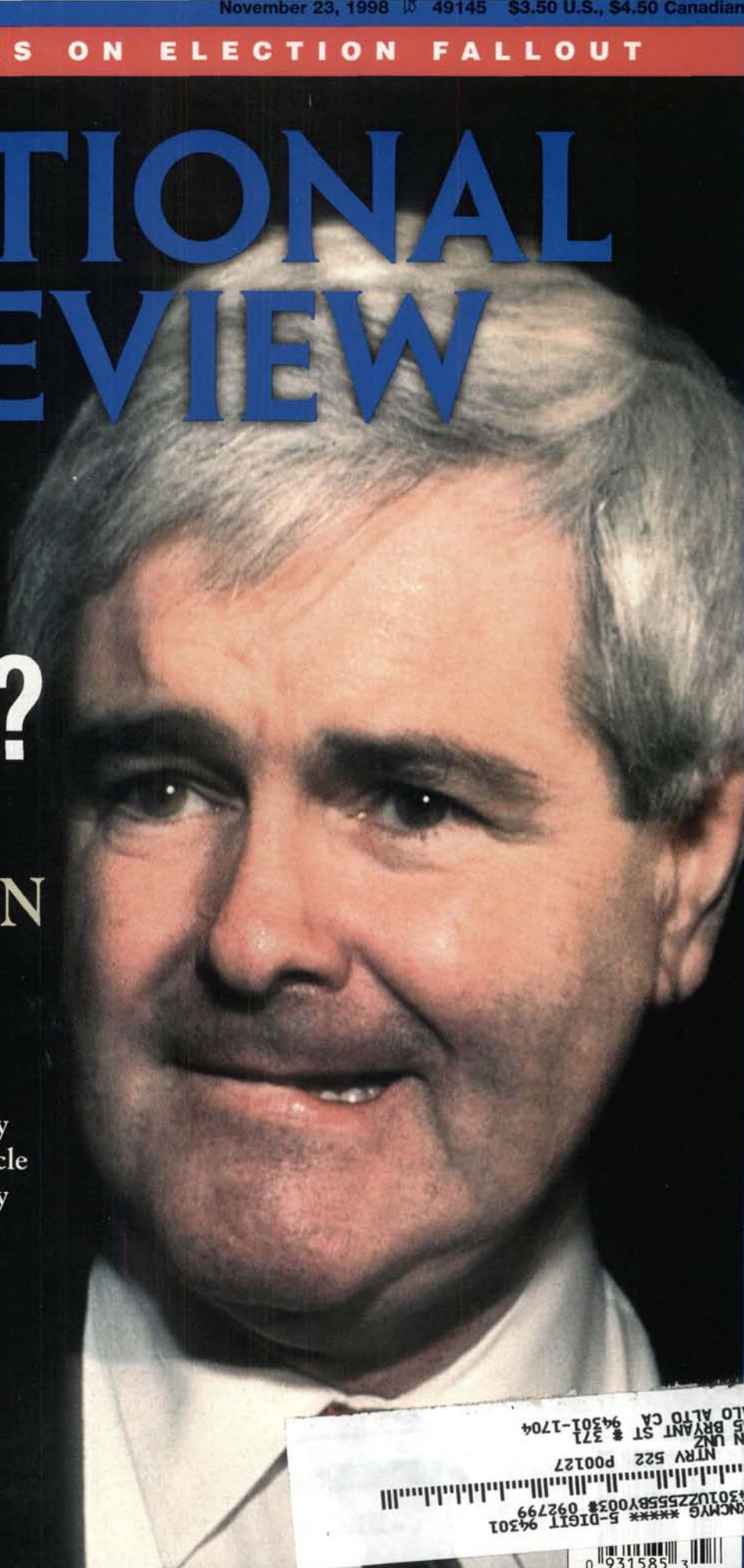
NOW WHAT?

THE REPUBLICAN IDENTITY CRISIS

Moore: The Useless Majority
O'Beirne: The Budget Debacle
Ponnuru: Running on Empty

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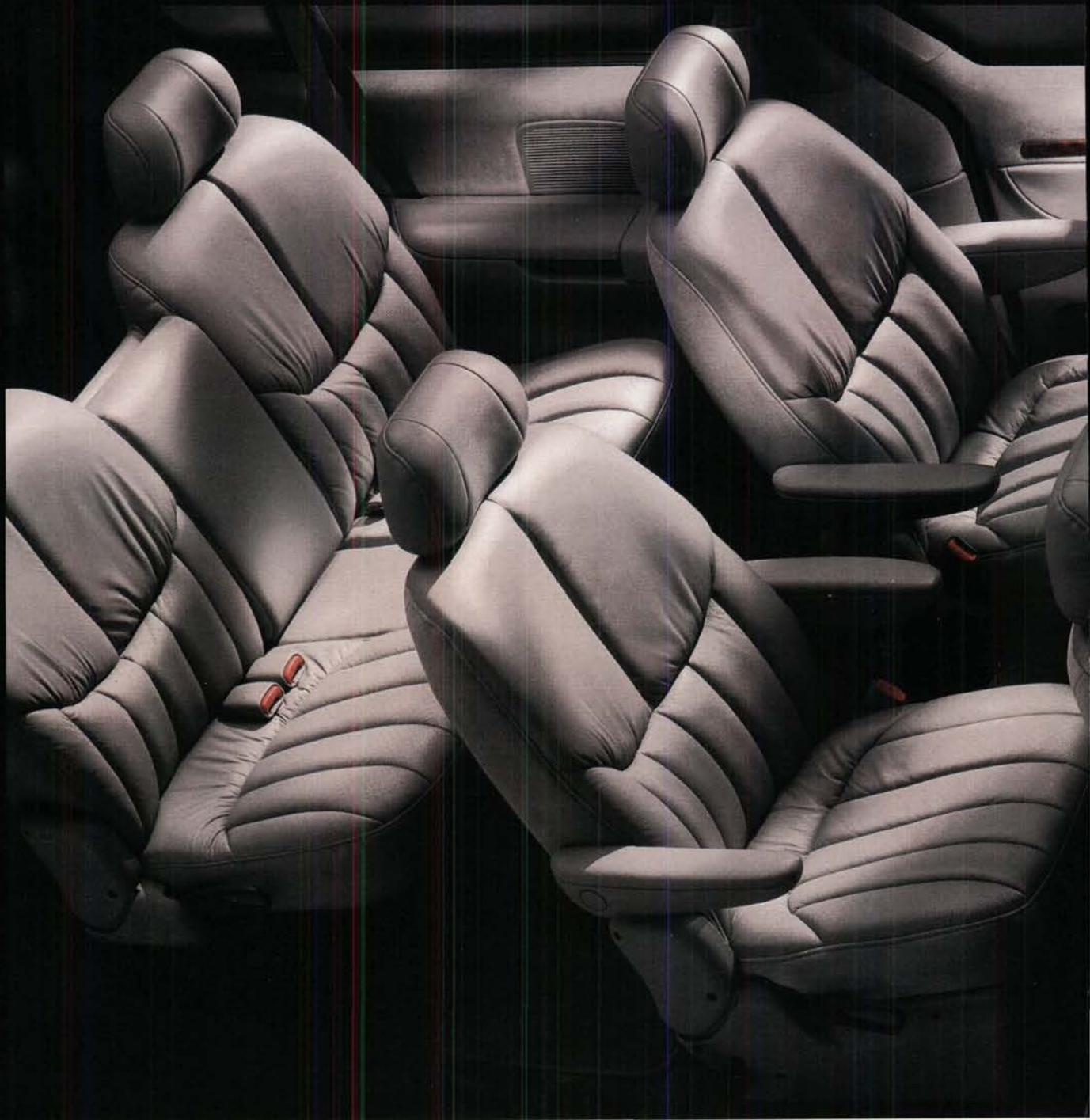
Lowry, Teachout on Tom Wolfe
Brookhiser on Freud
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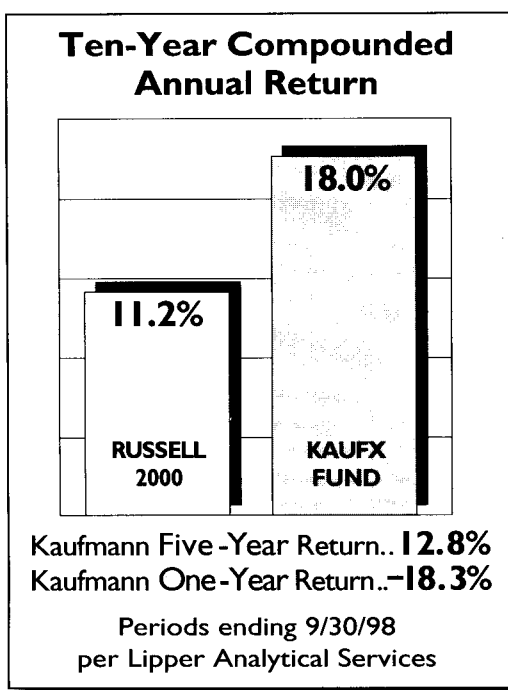
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■ LETTERS ■

TALKING HEADS

I write in response to contributing editor Jonah Goldberg's article "Regrettable Van Susteren" that appeared in the October 26 edition of NATIONAL REVIEW. Because I am the husband of Greta Van Susteren, I assume he meant to vilify me—and not James Coale—in his article. While it is not the first time that I have been attacked in the media, I must say it is a first for my nephew, James Coale. At the same time, given that he is an investment analyst, he will unfairly reap the benefits of the free publicity that Mr. Goldberg no doubt meant to confer on me.

I am flattered that my wife and I were able to elicit such strong feelings from Mr. Goldberg, who must necessarily be an avid follower of Greta's appearances to have written so expansive a criticism of her legal theories. As Mr. Goldberg points out, such feelings do engender ratings and we are appreciative of his personal interest in Greta's career path and her thought processes. Moreover, I share the pride that Mr. Goldberg's parents must feel in the literary accomplishments of this self-styled legal analyst who manages to do it all without the benefit of a law degree.

John P. Coale

Washington, D.C.

Thank God someone finally skewered Greta Van Susteren.

Jane B. Raborg

Safford, Ariz.

SWINGER SET

I used to think that I was born (in 1949) about thirty years too late. My taste in music has always run counter to that typical of my generation. While my classmates were excited over the invasion of the Beatles, I was discovering Glenn Miller. But recently I have begun to wonder if maybe I was born thirty years too early. Eric Felten's article on neo-swing ["Upswing," Oct. 12] points out that rock has reached the end of its road. True, the neo-swing musicians have a ways to go before they can be compared with the likes of Ziggy Elman, but remember that they grew up in a time when there was almost no place for you in popular music if you didn't play electric guitar.

Robert C. Topper

Richardson, Tex.

KEYES TO THE KINGDOM

I have a problem with your article "Great Wide Open" [Nov. 9]. The writers discuss several candidates in a well-written article, but they neglect my personal favorite, Alan Keyes. Keyes may not be a favorite to win the nomination, but his policies are excellent. If the media gave him more publicity, this conservative could possibly get more popular support.

Ricard J. Bartilotti

Richmond, Va.

OZONE HOLE

Concerning the letter from Brandon MacGillis of Ozone Action [Sept. 28] on the Global Warming Petition Project ["Hot Air," Aug. 17], Mr. MacGillis failed to mention the childish prank his group used in an attempt to discredit the Petition, namely calling attention to one falsified signature with a wrong address that they happened to find among 18,000 other signatures. In fact, more than 95 per cent of the signatures have been authenticated, and more than two-thirds of the signers have advanced degrees in science.

Jane M. Orient, M.D.

Tucson, Ariz.

HARDING, HARDLY

Florence King's article on Carl Anthony's biography of Florence Kling Harding [Oct. 26], wife of President Warren Harding, is very amusing, but alas I think she has been gulled. Mr. Anthony sensed an opportunity to make a parallel with the Clintons. Unfortunately he seems to have ignored all recent research. Here is a passage from Paul Johnson's *Modern Times* (1983):

When in 1964 the Harding Papers . . . were opened to scholars, no truth at all was found in any of the myths [womanizing, house on K St., Nan Britton, etc.] though it emerged that Harding, a pathetically shy man with women, had had a sad and touching friendship with the wife of a Marion store-owner before his presidency. The Babylonian image was a fantasy, and in all essentials Harding had been an honest and exceptionally shrewd president. But by then it was too late. A *New York Times* poll of seventy-five historians in 1962 showed that he was rated a "flat failure" with "very little dissent."

Alan Gowans

Washington, D.C.



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■ President Clinton, on new White House Chief of Staff **John Podesta**: "With the singular exception of the Vice President, he is the most technologically proficient of our administration, guiding our technology policy on many fronts." . . . Associated Press on **Al Gore's** visit to Pittsburgh factory: "Gore smiled and admitted that he, too, has trouble turning on a computer, let alone using one." . . . **Barbra Streisand**: "We must stop this attempted coup on our government." . . . **Geraldo Rivera** challenges audience to find case of criminal prosecution for lying about sex, offering to pay \$10,000. Attorney **Marc Bogatin** conducts five hours of research, uncovers five cases, and submits names. Rivera ignores it. Bogatin sues.

■ In April, Rep. **Martin Frost** (Tex.), head of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, predicts "New Democratic Majority" after November 3 elections. In July, a DCCC release says, "We believe we are in striking distance to win back the House." In August, a DCCC aide tells *Christian Science Monitor*, "We have about a 50-50 chance" of regaining control of the House. In September, Democratic National Committee chairman **Roy Romer** claims "Anything short of [losing 35 seats] would be a success" for the Democrats this year. In October, DNC political director **Jill Alper** tells *New York Times* "Losing less than 26 House seats and losing less than 6 Senate seats is a huge victory for this party."

■ **Susan B. Anthony** List, seeking to become pro-life rival to Emily's List, raises over \$1 million and announces 400 per cent jump in membership. . . . DNC Chairman Roy Romer, on *Meet the Press*, blames pro-lifers for death of Buffalo abortionist **Barnett Slepian**: "We all got a [sic] responsibility for not allowing this debate on ideological moral issues to rise to the level of intensity that we create hate out there that produces this kind of reaction." . . . Missouri Democratic Party radio ad: "When you don't vote, you let another church explode. When you don't vote, you allow another cross to burn. When you don't vote, you let another assault wound a brother or sister." . . . Campaign

for Color-Blind America releases Congressional scorecard: 106 House Republicans voted against racial preferences in each of four key votes; 199 House Democrats did the same . . . Libertarian Party runs 836 candidates, most by a third party since World War II.

■ Clinton, Gore, and **First Lady** make 13 campaign appearances for opponent of Texas Gov. **George W. Bush** (R.). Advisor **Karl Rove** in *American-Austin Statesman*: "This is all about trying to deny [Bush] 40 per cent of the Hispanic vote, which has nothing to do with 1998 at all, and all things to do with future fears on the part of the Clinton-Gore White House." . . . If presidential election held this year, Bush would clobber Gore, according to Gallup Poll. . . . **Jesse**



"Frankly, your problem has me stumped. I'm going to refer you to another bartender."

Jackson says he is "leaning" toward running for President, promises decision next year. . . . Nation of Islam's **Louis Farakhan** on Jackson: "He knows he can't win any election against whoever the Republicans will put up." . . . Churches that distribute Christian Coalition voter guides "should expect a visit from the IRS," promised Americans United for the Separation of Church and State's **Barry Lynn**. . . . As Congress considers new airline regulations, Northwest Airlines cuts fares to South Dakota and United Airlines starts jet service from Chicago to Sioux Falls. Senate Minority Leader **Tom Daschle** (D., S. D.): "I certainly wouldn't deny that my role and my position has [sic] been a factor in the decisions that they've made." Northwest also begins jet service to

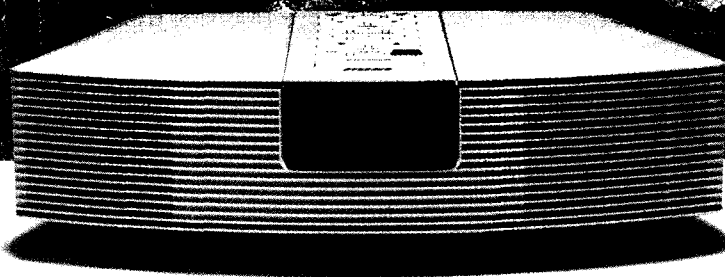
Gulfport, Miss., near home town of Senate Majority Leader **Trent Lott**.

■ Capital Research Center identifies pro-abortion groups that received funding in 1997 from the Catholic Campaign for Human Development; this year's annual collection in Catholic parishes for CCHD scheduled for before Thanksgiving. . . . "Global Sex Survey" makes headlines, but few in media report study's funder: condom manufacturer Durex. Statistical Assessment Service also blasts methodology. . . . As **John Glenn** blasted off, National Organization for Women launched campaign to send 67-year-old aviatrix **Jerrie Cobb** to space, who, since booted from NASA in 1960s, has been training in "remote areas of the Amazon." . . . New York City's Cooper Union hosts two-day "celebration" of *Communist Manifesto's* 150th anniversary. . . . Participants at Buenos Aires global-warming conference call for limits on fossil fuel use but burn at least 1.7 million gallons of fuel getting there, reports National Center for Public Policy Research.

■ Chinese government spends over \$15 billion on Hong Kong stocks, making it second-largest shareholder in city's property development firms and top 30 companies. . . . Germany's highest court rules unconstitutional a 1996 Bavarian law aiming to restrict access to abortion. . . . After six years of UN sanctions, Libyan officials reports unprecedented economic prosperity. . . . Thailand's Film Board blocks Twentieth Century Fox remake of *The King and I*, starring **Jodie Foster**, because it insults monarchy. . . . To encourage parents to raise their children, Norway gives stay-at-home parents 80 per cent of pre-natal salary as stipend. . . . Ex-Spice Girl **Geri Halliwell** named UN population fund ambassador. First project: encouraging UK children to write **Tony Blair** for support of international action guaranteeing reproductive and sexual health rights.

■ AFL-CIO in Iowa calls for "volunteers" to help work phone banks and "get labor-and working family-friendly candidates elected this November." Adds: "You will be reimbursed \$30 for each 4 hrs. [sic] volunteered." Beats the minimum wage. **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ Former pro wrestler Jesse “the Body” Ventura won the Minnesota governor’s race, running as an independent, and only polite things will be said about him in this space.

■ Byron “Low Tax” Looper, Republican candidate for state senate from the 15th district of Tennessee, was arrested in the homestretch on charges that he killed his Democratic opponent. Meanwhile, both Al D’Amato and Chuck Schumer came out of the New York Senate race alive. Gotham goes soft.

■ Were the elections a mandate against impeachment? Not quite. We already knew the public was against impeachment, at least when viewed in isolation from its predicates (e.g., the fact that Clinton committed perjury). Exit polls suggest that most voters did not cast their votes with Clinton in mind; those who did were roughly evenly divided. The increased turnout among blacks reflected, yes, solidarity with Bill Clinton, but also the threat of substantial GOP gains and an effective, if demagogic, get-out-the-vote effort. And, of course, Republicans consciously decided not to make the election a referendum on impeachment. Their last-minute ads on the President’s trustworthiness were too discreet to use the I-word and in any case ran in few places. Did Republicans mishandle impeachment? Yes—mainly by letting Ken Starr and conservative talking heads stand alone through late winter and spring while impressions were being formed. Now the possibility of impeachment is looking more and more remote. At the risk of appearing stodgy or naïve—traits that, in the Clinton era, adhere to decency and lawful behavior—we can say only that Congress should still try to do the right thing.

■ In the single biggest disappointment of a disappointing election day, Democrat Lt. Gov. Gray Davis won the California governor’s race against Attorney General Dan Lungren, ending 16 years of Republican rule in the Golden State. As the exit polls suggest, Lungren was never able to rally conservatives as effectively as Davis did liberals. Lungren offered no attractive, up-to-date conservative agenda; he had no plan to cut tax rates, for instance. Thus, Davis was able to wage the campaign on the terrain of his choosing, which was chiefly education. Although Davis put Republicans on notice that he was leaving no room to his right on crime control—he cited Singapore as a model—Lungren persisted in his expensive and futile effort to portray Davis as soft. In the end, Davis won 70 per cent of the voters who cited crime as their top concern. Davis relentlessly raised the abortion issue against the pro-life Lungren, but exit polls indicate that the candidates evenly split the voters who cared deeply about the issue. So,

California is not uniquely inhospitable to conservatives. Messageless GOP campaigns lose everywhere.

■ In California’s other major race, Democratic Sen. Barbara Boxer beat Matt Fong’s challenge for several reasons: he had no money after a bruising primary; she was an incumbent; Democratic turnout was high nationwide. But Fong did himself no favors by eschewing “negative” ads on Sen. Boxer’s hyperliberal record until the end of the campaign. Still worse was a final-week fiasco on gay rights. When Sen. Boxer charged that the Traditional Values Coalition, to which Fong gave \$50,000 this year, was “a group that preaches hatred,” he lamely explained that he was trying to move the group toward his moderate positions on social issues. When the Log Cabin Republicans, a homosexual lobby, threatened to rescind its endorsement, Fong signed a “contract” to vote for higher AIDS-research funding, a ban on discrimination against homosexuals, “hate-crimes” legislation, etc. This alienated gays and conservatives, while raising doubts among everyone else about Fong’s trustworthiness and spine. Credit Barbara Boxer for at least knowing this: attempting to please everyone in the end pleases no one.

■ Plumbing new depths of grossness and absurdity, the New York Senate candidates, Alfonse D’Amato and Charles Schumer, spent the last month of their race arguing who better honored the memory of the Holocaust, and whether Sen. D’Amato had called his challenger a “putzhead.” After three campaigns won by cherry-picking micro-constituencies and fleeing all large issues, Sen. D’Amato finally went down. New Yorkers, who produced this result for the wrong reasons, will be rewarded by being represented by the pestiferous Mr. Schumer. Justice prevailed all around.

■ The re-election losses of Republican Govs. David Beasley of South Carolina and Fob James of Alabama are being spun as a “defeat for the religious Right,” and they are: both men were dependable allies of moral conservatives. But James’s defeat had more to do with his late start campaigning and his exclusive identification with an important, but narrow, range of issues like resistance to judicially imposed secularism. Beasley had deeply angered some conservatives by trying to remove the Confederate flag from the statehouse. And in both races, the biggest issue was the incumbents’ opposition to state lotteries, a low-priority issue even for many social conservatives who are against casinos. Other pro-family candidates won office in both states. Nationally, social conservative voters swung to the Democrats by 24 points over 1994.

For the Republicans to take them for granted would be a risky gamble.

■ But Mr. Beasley's defeat should move Sen. Strom Thurmond (R., S.C.) to resign for the good of his party. Thurmond set the record for the oldest person to serve in Congress in his last term, and has achieved what appeared to be his main goal for this term: becoming the longest-serving senator in history. If he leaves now, Beasley will be able to appoint his replacement (maybe himself?). Thurmond, meanwhile, should get a fabulous send-off—maybe on December 5th, his 96th birthday.

■ Sure, Democrats had a good election day, but they have not necessarily arrested their long-term decline. In Maine and Minnesota—the land of Hubert Humphrey, Walter Mondale, and Gene McCarthy—they have become a minor party, their gubernatorial candidate finishing third. In Pennsylvania and Michigan, both union strongholds, they were unable to field candidates for governor who passed the laugh test. The glow on Democratic cheeks may not be entirely a sign of health.

■ Republicans in search of an agenda may want to study the results of several state ballot initiatives. In Washington state, despite heavy opposition from big business and a Democratic governor, a large majority approved a ban on racial preferences. In Arkansas, Colorado, and Montana, voters either passed meaningful tax-limitation measures or fended off tax-hiking ones. Alaska and Hawaii both banned same-sex “marriages” by substantial margins. Michigan delivered a whopping defeat to legalized doctor-assisted suicide, and Colorado passed parental consent for abortion. But Colorado and Washington both narrowly refused to outlaw partial-birth abortions. Not a conservative sweep, but a sign that conservative issues are alive and well, even when they lack articulate messengers.

■ Medical marijuana did a lot better than the GOP. Medical-marijuana initiatives won in all of the states in which they were on the ballot (Alaska, Arizona, Nevada, Oregon, Washington). Exit polls showed that voters in the District of Columbia also backed medical marijuana (which had been opposed by former Presidents Ford, Carter, and Bush) by more than 2 to 1. The official results may never be known, however, since Congress voted that the District may not spend any money on such legislation, including the salaried time of elec-

tion officials. Whatever the voters think, Congress is still addicted to prohibition.

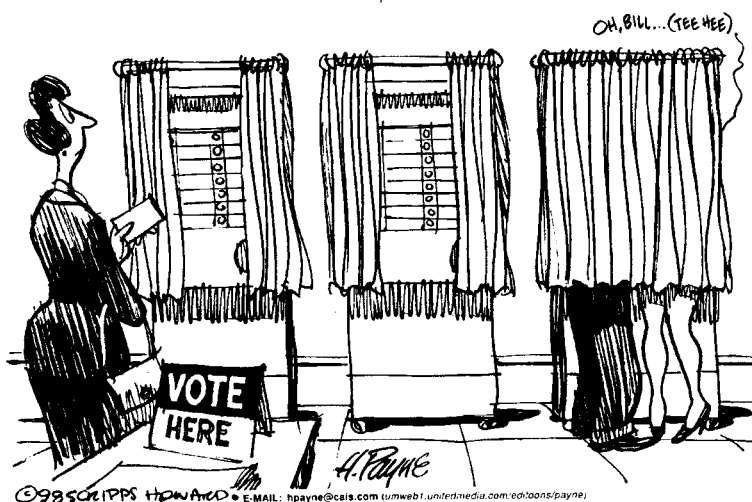
■ Former President George Bush had the pleasure of seeing his sons, George W. and Jeb, win smashing victories in the Texas and Florida gubernatorial races. George Bush was a man of many virtues, most of them personal, and grave political flaws. His character shines all the more brightly in the Clinton years, but of course it was his failures that gave us Clinton in the first place. In honor of the former, conservatives can share his delight; in memory of the latter, we will watch his sons carefully.

■ Let the watch begin. From the newspaper editorials and the comments of Gov. George W. Bush's appointees and allies, one might expect the conservatives running for re-election to the Texas State Board of Education to be wild-eyed creationists trying to repeal the twentieth century. Bush

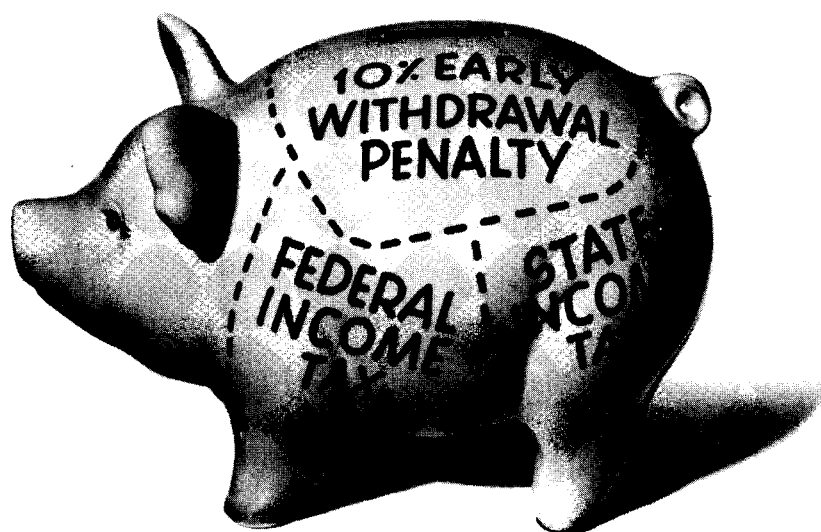
adviser Karl Rove told the *New York Times*, “I thought I was a right-winger, but these people are far out there. In the carnival of life, they are in a very distant booth.” All this abuse for fighting for phonics, serious curricula, and local control. The *Lone Star Report*, which strives to keep Republicans in Texas honest, editorializes: “Texas conservatives have rallied around Bush despite reservations in important

policy areas, believing his political popularity would generally promote conservative goals. But if his hatchetmen are allowed to undertake ‘search and destroy’ missions which confirm these reservations—wrecking the truce at will—conservatives will reevaluate this accommodation and start deserting his ranks.” And, we would add, not just in Texas.

■ According to an article in *Nature*, genetic analysis suggests that at least one of the children of Sally Hemings, Thomas Jefferson's slave, was indeed fathered by Jefferson. Assuming the results stand up to scientific review, two questions arise. 1) Does this help William Jefferson Clinton? The article's authors laid it on with a trowel: “Now, with impeccable timing, Jefferson reappears to remind us [that] our heroes—and especially Presidents—are not gods or saints, but flesh-and-blood humans.” Fine. But not all humans commit perjury and obstruct justice. 2) Does this hurt Jefferson, and his handiwork? Jefferson's admirers, from his lifetime on down, tried to depict him as the Father of American liberty, but this was always an error. His greatest achievement, the Declaration of Independence, was, as Jefferson himself said, “an expression of



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the American mind." Benjamin Franklin and John Adams advised him; Congress edited him. The truths it enounced, which led (among other things) to the end of slavery, owed much to his powers of expression; even more to the wisdom and virtue of his generation.

■ Having miraculously discovered the defects of the independent-counsel and sexual-harassment laws, liberals were bound to reconsider original intent before too long. Now four hundred historians have issued a statement declaring that the Founders would not have viewed President Clinton's offenses as impeachable. The statement does not examine those offenses; the word "perjury" appears nowhere in it. And the historians offer very little history to support their view. What they do offer is demonstrably false. The Framers did not "explicitly reserve [impeachment] for high crimes and misdemeanors in the exercise of executive power," which would have given presidents permission to rob banks in their spare time. The House's "open-ended inquiry," established using nearly identical words as in Watergate, is not "novel." This slipshod history should perhaps not be surprising. Dozens of the historians, including organizers Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and Sean Wilentz of Princeton, are veterans at the politicized misuse of history, having signed a fraudulent "historians' brief" to the Supreme Court supporting legal abortion (see "Aborting History," NR, Oct. 23, 1995). Just as before, many of them are not experts in the relevant field. James McPherson, who signed the statement, is an eminent historian of the Civil War; Christine Stansell does women's history. We are left with the unsupported opinion of 400 people with no particular authority in the matter, almost all of them liberal. Isn't it enough that they will get to write the history books about Bill Clinton?

■ Andrew Sullivan, former editor of *The New Republic* and prominent advocate of gay rights, has a reputation for fairness and thoughtfulness. His recent cover story for the *New York Times Magazine*, however, contains a drive-by smear of Rev. Richard John Neuhaus. It is bad enough that Sullivan

attributes to Fr. Neuhaus views he has argued against for thirty years—"a radically theocratic reinterpretation of the Constitution itself" in which the government, and especially the Supreme Court, would "uphold as public policy and law the articles of faith of orthodox Christians." (Fr. Neuhaus's actual point is that the Constitution does not prohibit laws reflecting Christian, as opposed to modern liberal, understandings of morality.) And Sullivan's claim that the journal Neuhaus edits, *First Things*, "actually argued for seditious activities" is a common enough, if crude, misunderstanding. Where Sullivan crosses the line is in suggesting that Neuhaus, whose devotion to better Jewish-Christian relations is well known, poses a danger to Jews. "It is perhaps unsurprising," Sullivan writes, "that when Neuhaus gathered a group of public thinkers and ministers to endorse a statement reflecting this orthodoxy, in October 1997, there were no Jews among the signers." Unsurprising indeed, given that the statement was called "We Hold These Truths: A Statement of Christian Conscience and Citizenship." It would have been decidedly odd, not to say insulting, to invite any serious Jew to sign.

■ Once again, Saddam Hussein is defying the United Nations Security Council, this time by a blanket refusal to cooperate with the UN inspectors who have sought to monitor his pursuit of weapons of mass destruction. The inspections had anyway been a farce since last summer, when Secretary of State Madeleine Albright began begging the inspectors to refrain from "provocative" inspections. Now Saddam is betting that the UN will stay true to its record of doing essentially nothing in all previous confrontations. The UN Security Council has unanimously condemned Saddam's action, but the real decisions must be made by the Clinton Administration. It should take Saddam's provocation as a mandate at long last for military retaliation—which should be more than a few puny cruise-missile strikes. More likely, it will take refuge once again in some face-saving diplomatic "solution" that leaves Saddam basically where he is, i.e., developing nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons without interference.

■ The South African Truth Commission made a commendable effort, in the teeth of opposition from the ruling African National Congress, to set the record straight on South Africa's bloody past. But its finding that former Prime Minister P. W. Botha was "responsible" for "gross violations" of human rights, including killings, requires context. Botha was facing rebels who, as the commission documented, had committed offenses of their own, and who, given their alliance with local Communists and their backing by the Soviet Union, would probably have committed many more had they come to power during the Cold War. Botha held them off and, despite being bred in the die-hard heart of Afrikanerdom, began the process that swept apartheid away. For even slighter virtues, Solzhenitsyn put a rose on Nikita Krushchev's grave.

WYE, TWO WEEKS LATER

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Bibi's getting boo'd.
Hamas blows explosives.
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In the Gaza strip
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When they get the slip.

—W. H. VON DREELE



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■ Ted Hughes has died at 68 after a brave battle with cancer. Some of his admirers are ranking him with Eliot and Yeats, which is silly, but his poetry does have genuine strengths. His miserable fate was to become notorious, since 1963, as the supposed monster who had driven his wife, the poet Sylvia Plath, to resign her head to a gas oven. Plath fanatics booed him off the platform at his poetry readings, repeatedly chiseled her married name off her tombstone, and vilified him in books. For the last twenty-five years Mr. Hughes worked on a series of poems about his relationship with Plath. Knowing that he was terminally ill, he published them in January as *Birthday Letters*. Plath—who appears as a loved but hopelessly unstable and suicidal woman—is the muse of his final poems. Certainly no one can know the final truth about this awful-but-powerful relationship. It is possible that they were victims of each other. Their fans should leave it at that.

■ Time for the Committee to Re-Elect Thomas Jefferson to hire Johnnie Cochran.

ELECTION FALLOUT

Bitter Tea Leaves

IN this election, Republicans counted on money, incumbency, and one issue they refused even to mention: impeachment. Is it any wonder that things didn't work out quite as well as they had hoped? Victory did not rain down upon them like manna from heaven. Instead, their House majority, already timid and directionless, is now also the smallest ever. In the Senate and the governor's mansions, Republicans seemed at this writing merely to have held their ground.

Republican officials have had a lot of practice at explaining away defeats. Now they will get more. On election night they had already begun to chant in unison that they have held Congress for three elections in a row for the first time in seventy years. This meaningless factoid, however, cannot obscure the fact that they are clearly on track to losing it. They have now lost House seats two elections in a row.

In fact, they probably would have lost the House this time if not for the Monica Lewinsky scandal. True, the scandal may have boosted Democratic turn-out. But the din of scandal also prevented Democrats from driving home their advantage on the issues. Before the scandal broke, their strategy had been clear: propose new government initiatives to benefit the middle class while maintaining a veneer of cultural moderation. Then drive a wedge between the GOP's left, which would make killing the initiatives difficult, and its right, which would make co-opting the initiatives difficult. Republicans had no answer to this New Democratic politics (and haven't had one since candidate Bill Clinton dissed Sister Souljah).

But the Democratic strategy depended on having a national spokesman set an agenda. In January, Clinton lost his moral authority and consequently the bullhorn of the White House. Republicans were thus able to defeat Clinton's initiatives on

child care, health care, tobacco, and campaign finance. But the public still trusted the Democrats more on these issues, as on Social Security, the environment, education, and most economic issues.

Meanwhile, Republicans offered no alternative agenda of their own. Most importantly, they let tax cuts languish. They were therefore unable to tell voters that they would make it easier for families to purchase their own health care, child care, and so on: by election eve, indeed, a *New York Times*/CBS poll indicated that voters thought Republicans and Democrats were equally unlikely to cut their taxes.

With no strong issues on their side and a bunch of weak ones on the other side, Republicans were at the mercy of the electorate's judgment of them personally. Republicans in general have never fared well in such contests, especially now when they are saddled with unpopular congressional leaders who seem insincere when not abrasive.

Another problem is that Republican leaders have had contempt—it is not too strong a word—for their core supporters. They believed that these voters' hostility to Clinton would bring them to the polls even if they were offered nothing by their putative political leaders. And they believed, in both 1997 and 1998, that conservatives would accept their dissimulations about two big-spending budget deals. This pragmatic Republicanism can now be judged on its own unprincipled terms: it failed.

As it did in individual races. Matt Fong, Ellen Sauerbrey, and Dan Lungren were all at some point considered strong candidates for their high-profile races. But Lungren and Sauerbrey spent their campaigns apologizing for being conservative, and Fong ended his by denying his association with conservatives. All three lost. The only Republican to knock off an incumbent senator, on the other hand, was Peter Fitzgerald of Illinois, a conservative who was dismissed as too "extreme" to win a statewide race. True, Fitzgerald's opponent, Sen. Carol Moseley-Braun, was vulnerable, but so were Sauerbrey and Fong's opponents.

The usual suspects will, of course, conclude that the message of the election is that Republicans need to move left, drop divi-

THE KING OF TEXAS

*George Bush, a Spanish-speaking guy
Too smart to shout "Olé!",
Bestrides the state with diffidence,
Foreshadowing a day
When California's Mexicans,
And maybe Cubans—whose
Response to brother Jeb bodes well,
Will wave when he yoo-hoos.*

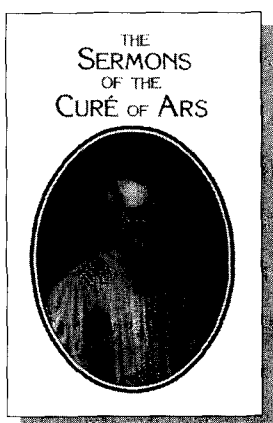
—W. H. VON DREELE



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The man everyone called "the Curé of Ars" was at first denied ordination to the priesthood. His grades were poor, his Latin abysmal. Yet by the time he died, St. John Vianney knew more about human nature than any psychologist could hope to: Most of his days—and for that matter, most of his nights—were spent hearing confessions. And every day, he said Mass and preached. After he died, 85 sermons were discovered. Topics:



- "Have your religion in your heart?" Signs of the real thing
- "The dreadful state of the lukewarm soul"
- Moral blindness in casual Christians who generally think themselves clean-living
- The ways you can injure your neighbor
- How and to whom you must make restitution as a mark of sorrow for a sin
- "Many of you, my friends, are thieves"
- Three classes of people: those entirely for the world, those entirely devoted to God, and those who want to serve both
- "The path to perdition." What it is; why it isn't a Bible-thumping cliché
- The vanity of the world: easily recognized in the hour of death—at which point it may be too late
- Why death strikes terror in the hearts of most, but not of all
- Why whether we may die happily depends upon the life we are leading. How Vianney envisioned the Last Judgment
- Three ways to ensure a happy death
- Why we can't hope for miraculous conversions
- The brevity of your life
- Why "to deny God means becoming a slave to Satan"
- "How those who fear the world's criticism betray a weak and narrow mind"
- Why you need to do penance even after confessing sins. Ways to do it right

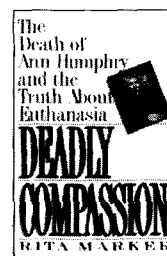
- How to practice the Faith in your home, among children and other family
- How to meditate on Christ and His love for man; for you
- "Frivolity in many marriages—God's blessing cannot attend them. God's curse often follows them"
- Why "envious men are even more malicious than the devil." Examples of envy in daily life. Curing envy
- "Two things especially dangerous to the soul"
- Defining the basic "interior and exterior enemies"
- Why temptations are sometimes "necessary"
- "The devil tempts most of all the elect"
- "Snares of the devil for the zealous in the service of God"
- "A sure sign that you are on the right path to Heaven"
- Understanding how the Holy Ghost works in your soul
- "How you can tell whether or not you are truly repentant"
- "Delay of Confession for a whole year is a bad sign"
- "God chastises like a good father." "Suffering due us." "Trials for the just"

Ever-present in Vianney's consciousness: the influence of the devil, and how people can uncover their hidden sins and flaws of character. N.B.: These are the only writings recorded by one of the holiest confessors in history.

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sive issues like abortion and racial preferences (not that they ever picked them up in the first place), and strive for bipartisanship. They will point to the success of Republican governors to make this case.

But many of these governors have cut taxes appreciably, experimented with school choice, enacted bans on partial-birth abortion, and shrunk welfare rolls. And like President Clinton, the executives of the states get credit for the healthy economy, and for the increased spending on popular programs which it makes possible (for now). Executives do not, in the nature of things, appear as partisan as legislators. And these governors, finally, are not led by a personally unpopular spokesman.

Which brings us to the question of the congressional leadership. Many of the failures of the Republican Congress—from the budget shutdowns in 1995–96 to the flood-relief fiasco in 1997 to the most recent budget surrenders—have resulted from ill-conceived strategies and tactics, mistakes that a more canny group at the top would have avoided. But it must be said that in most of these failures, the leadership was pushed from behind by the GOP rank-and-file.

The House sophomores, though mostly steadfast in their conservatism, have shown little ability to organize effectively on their own or to delineate a politics both popular and principled. Nor have they shown much more willingness than their leaders to grasp the nettle on important and potentially transformative issues.

They have made no effort to rein in the judiciary, or to defend the military culture against PC attacks, or to address the national question: the constellation of issues including affirmative action, multiculturalism, bilingualism, and immigration, on which the Democrats can offer no Dick Morris-like “third way.” Finally, for all Newt Gingrich’s faults, it remains unclear who has the willingness, the leadership ability, and the votes to replace him.

The Senate is a different story. It is where tax cuts met their untimely death. There were enough nervous Democrats to get them passed. This failure must be laid primarily at Majority Leader Trent Lott’s door. His job—managing a group of egoma-

NO AGENDA, NO FOCUS

*Newt can't crank up an override;
Trent Lott can't stop the talk,
And Henry Hyde's committee looks
Pooped as the last Great Auk.
The Clintons bob along like corks
Upon a sea of polls.
Republicans make faces in
The White House girandoles.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



niacs—is doubtless difficult, but his inability to articulate an agenda made it more so. He has proven himself better suited to the back bench, where he is at least a generally reliable conservative vote. And there is an alternative in Oklahoma Sen. Don Nickles, now Lott’s deputy.

Conservatives should encourage Nickles to make the—admittedly risky—challenge against Lott. Someone must be held responsible for the continued drift of the congressional party. Meanwhile, conservatives should have much less patience for a majority that has been content to try to coast on incumbency and comfortable bromides. There is life after Newt Gingrich—in the GOP presidential candidate who crafts a politics about more than holding on to the perquisites of power.

DIPLOMACY

Wye, And How

THREE years after Yigal Amir murdered Yitzhak Rabin, extremists are making death threats against Benjamin Netanyahu. Israelis understand, even if the Western media do not, that Netanyahu is taking Israel inexorably down the road to compromise with the Palestinians—confirming NR’s judgment that his slogan “peace with security” was a commitment, not an evasion. Netanyahu has spent the last two years and two agreements (the last one, in January 1997, concerned Hebron) trying to get Yasir Arafat to keep the commitments he made in the Oslo accords. These are, most importantly, to curb Palestinian terrorism and to rewrite the PLO Charter. That these obligations remained to be nailed down is a stinging rebuke to Netanyahu’s Labour predecessors—and to the U.S. mediators. Under the Wye accords, the CIA is now brought directly into the implementation as both monitor and referee. It is a risky business, but it offers at least some hope of real enforcement of Palestinian compliance.

The United States must take the next steps. First, our CIA personnel must prove their willingness to blow the whistle on Palestinian violations as they occur, and not fudge the facts for diplomatic reasons. This is crucial if Israel is to have the confidence in America necessary to take any more risks for peace on the strength of our promises.

Second, the U.S. mediators must steer the diplomacy as quickly as possible toward the core “permanent status” issues—final borders, Palestinian sovereignty, Jerusalem, refugees, water—as Netanyahu has long urged. If there must be another interim Israeli redeployment under the Oslo accords, the U.S. has to keep its word that Israel has the sole right to determine its scope (even if it’s a minimal 1 per cent, as Netanyahu has signaled).

Third, the U.S. must squelch any notion Arafat may have of unilaterally declaring an independent Palestinian state next May 4, when the Oslo accords “expire.” Such a declaration would torpedo U.S. diplomacy and trigger Israeli retaliation. It cannot be allowed, if either the peace process or U.S. credibility is to survive.

CULTURE WARS

Laying Down the Law

BARNETT Slepian, the abortionist shot in Buffalo, and Matthew Shepard, the gay student beaten to death in Wyoming, were crime victims. The pro-abortion and gay-rights movements also consider them martyrs to their causes. But these same activists, and the liberal press, are going a step further—attributing their murders to the pro-life and pro-family rhetoric of conservatives. CBS reporter Richard Schlesinger asked an anti-abortion activist, “To what extent do you send a signal that it’s okay to take a shot at an abortion doctor?” *Newsweek*’s Jonathan Alter (who is not original enough to produce dumb ideas, but is certainly a satisfied consumer of them) wrote that “the constant degrading of homosexuals is exacting a toll in blood.”

These notions are tantamount to classifying the traditional understanding of morality and law as “hate speech,” which is a step away from prosecuting it as “hate crime.” Everyone, in weak moments, would love a world in which his debating opponents were declared illegal. But these busy little theorems distort political reality.

There is a—wing would be too grand a word; talon is probably

better—of the anti-abortion movement that considers abortionists legitimate targets of violence. This view has been overwhelmingly rejected by what is, after all, a pro-life movement, which knows that in a democratic republic, where the right to speak and vote is secured, life cannot come from death. Pro-life killers no more represent the forces that will end abortion than John Brown spoke for Abraham Lincoln.

On the question of homosexuality, there is also a tiny movement of theologians who prescribe death by stoning for all sorts of offenses, including gay sex. On the ground, their industrious and slope-headed soulmates appear at gay rallies with signs like AIDS CURES FAGS. None of them has been accused of killing a gay man—Matthew Shepard’s murderers seem to have been classic hooligans—but their hearts are certainly in the wrong place.

Mainstream social conservatives, on the other hand, have merely said that the family is the cornerstone of society, and that approval of homosexual conduct saps the family’s legitimacy. Of course the expression of these views causes pain to many homosexuals, but they entail no malign intent toward them as persons. Still less do they encourage violence.

The implicit assumption of liberals is that, if only they could make society treat homosexual relationships as identical to heterosexual ones and wipe out all resistance to this agenda, attacks like the one Matthew Shepard suffered would cease. Similarly, they are

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demanding that pro-lifers stop being, well, pro-life as a matter of civility. But none of this can happen, because killing fetuses and blessing sodomy are outside the pale of every body of traditional or

religious law. As is murder. For that, conservatives have always had an answer: the swift and impartial administration of the death penalty.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a senior at Evergreen High School in Evergreen, Colorado, and a conscientious reader of *NATIONAL REVIEW*. I founded the Young Republicans group at EHS, which has monthly speakers and a monthly newsletter called "The Right Side," which I publish.

I thought you would be interested in an experience I had as a member of the EHS speech and debate team. A judge wrote on my evaluation, "Sounded like all info and POV (point of view) came from *NATIONAL REVIEW*." I took that as very high praise, but I'm not sure he meant it that way. Nonetheless, as you can see from the enclosed ballot, he gave me 45 out of 50 points and ranked me number one, thanks to *NATIONAL REVIEW*.

Best Wishes,
Perry Pendley
Evergreen, Colo.

Dear Perry: Congratulations. If you come to New York, give us at *NR* a chance to hear your Grade A delivery.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It has oft been opined that a picture has as much value as a whole lot of words, or something to that effect.

A case in point is the study of set theory, in which diagrams are often used to great advantage to help guide one's thinking. The statement that, "If x is in E , then x is in D ," implies that E is a subset of D . It is clear then that if x is not in D , then x is not in E .

Let A be the statement " x is in E ," and let B be the statement " x is in D ." Thus, we surely have it that "If A then B ," implies "If not B then not A ."

If A then B is said to be a necessary and sufficient condition that if not B then not A . (It works both ways.) The

same facts are also often written as an *if and only if* statement. Or in the notation of the late M. K. Fort, an *if* statement. Symbolically this is written: {If A then B } = {if not B then not A }.

So then, in the words of Tom T. Hall, that's just the way things is.

Sincerely,

J. Walter Lynch

Professor Emeritus of Mathematics
Athens, Ga.

Dear Professor Lynch: You do that kind of thing very well. Have you written a book? Does it discuss national deficits? As in, If not A , then not Surplus? We will serialize it!

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In regarding the letter from Joseph I. Brown Sr. [Aug. 17] that he can no longer enjoy *NR* due to his eyesight problem, I have a simple solution. I am blind and have enjoyed *NR* for the last seven years by listening to it on record. Yes, turntables still exist. His local library can set him up with the National Library Service for the Blind, Library of Congress, for a subscription. The only drawback is that I receive it about a month late, due to the time needed to record and mail it. But as they say, "Better late than never." The folks that do the recording do a superior job, and it is a pleasure to listen to *NR* because of this and the fine articles!

Many thanks,
Daniel R. Stabe
Sedona, Ariz.

Dear Dan: Real nice to hear.

Thanks, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The European Commission has just announced an agreement whereby

English will be the official language of the EU rather than German, which was the other possibility. As part of the negotiations, Her Majesty's Government conceded that English spelling had some room for improvement and has accepted a five-year phase-in plan that would be known as "Euro-English."

In the first year "s" will replace the soft "c." Certainly, this will make the sivil servants jump for joy. The hard "c" will be dripped in favor of the "k." This should klear up konfusion and keyboards can have one fewer letter.

There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year when the troublesome "ph" will be replased with the "f." This will make words like "fotograf" 20 per cent shorter.

In the third year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling can be expected to reach the stage where more komplikated changes are possible.

Governments enkourage the removal of double leters which have always ben a deterrent to akurate speling. Also al wil agre that the horrible mes of the silent "e" in the languag is disgraseful and it should go away.

By the fourth year peopl wil be reseptiv to steps such as replasing "th" with "z" and "w" with "v." During ze fifz yer ze unesesary "o" can be dropd from vords kontaining "ou" and similar changes vud of kors be aplid to ozer kombinations of leters.

After ziz fifz yer ve vil hav a rali sensible riten styl. Zer vil be no mor truble or difikultis and evrivun vil find it ezi tu understand ech ozer.

Ze drem vil finali kum tru!!

Christian Frei

Lausanne, Switzerland

Dear Mr. Frei: Thanx. Wil watch our speling. Cordially,

—WFB

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■ THE SCANDAL I ■

Sexual Addiction

Who is really
“obsessed by sex”?

JONAH GOLDBERG

WHEN you melt away the practiced iconoclasm, the predictable liberalism, and the pure arrogance of President Clinton's defenders in the culture industry—almost all of which has now weighed in on the scandal—you are left with an irreducible core. When Clinton defenders say it's “all just about sex,” they are almost right. It is all about sex, but not “just.”

Something remarkable has happened to the cultural Left in the 1990s. Sex is everything. Sexuality has become the linchpin of human identity, replacing race as the chief source of activism and passion in discussions of civil rights, politics, and public morality. In a calculated maneuver, the Left has decided to brand Clinton's sexual behavior with Monica Lewinsky private—despite all of the evidence that Clinton dragooned the country into the most public illicit affair in modern history and then compounded his misdeed with other crimes. Yes, the affair was metaphysically tacky and bordered on the deviant, but the more unconventional the expression of sexuality, the more comfortable the Left is in defending it.

Obviously, this represents a tectonic shift in feminist dogma. It is a shift that was occurring well before the Lewinsky scandal. Today, the most provocative academic feminist isn't a sex hater. She is Jane Gallop, Distinguished Professor of English and Comparative Literature at the University of Wisconsin. When asked about her sexual preference—at a conference entitled “Flaunting It”—she responded, “Graduate students.” On talk shows and on the op-ed pages, the sex-is-rape school is in full retreat while the sex-

Mr. Goldberg is an *NR* contributing editor. His daily online column appears at www.nationalreview.com.



Sidney Blumenthal by Roman Genn

is-a-passport-to-a-cushy-job school is attracting adherents in droves. Katie Roiphe in the *New York Times* says of Lewinsky, “There is nothing inherently wrong . . . with her attempt to translate her personal relationship with the President into professional advancement.”

Clinton has become the sex-and-identity-politics poster boy, the beleaguered President whose troubles stand for so much more than questions of legality or partisan politics. Consider Andrew Sullivan's interpretation. The former editor of *The New Republic* (who now devotes much of his energy to making gay life mainstream), Sullivan recently launched a broadside against the “new” conservatism

in the pages of the *New York Times Magazine*. The quixotic conservative has argued powerfully for Clinton's resignation elsewhere, but not in the *Times*, where he creates an army of straw men called the New Conservatives—“the scolds”—who are little more than a band of church ladies concerned only with squelching sexual rights and everybody's fun.

Sullivan's piece shows how seriously even the most thoughtful sexual liberationists are about making Clinton a sex-rights Rosa Parks. “For the new conservatives,” writes Sullivan, “the counterattack on homosexual legitimacy is of a piece with the battle against presidential adultery.” Indeed, the article bundles divergent issues more craftily than Microsoft does its browsers. Not only is the argument against Clinton an argument against gay rights, says Sullivan, it is an assault on abortion (here and abroad). The “Lewinsky obsession,” Sullivan writes, and the “anti-gay crusade” are bound together by the “anchor” of abortion.

Sullivan is hardly alone in his belief that Bill Clinton is a martyr in the battle against the sex cops. The refrain has been repeated relentlessly in elite magazines and newspapers. Clinton “has been mortified, subjected to an Orwellian intrusion by the gumshoes of the state,” writes Richard Cohen in the *Washington Post*. Starr's prosecutors “sound like a crowd at an auto-da-fé, a burning at the stake in the Inquisition,” says Anthony Lewis in the *New York Times*. Frank Rich, also in the *Times*, writes that the American people would rather support Clinton than “lend any vindication to the crusade of a zealous prig out of *The Crucible*.” And just in case anyone missed the reference to the Salem witch trials, the *Times* trotted out the author of *The Crucible* himself, Arthur Miller, to make the tortured analogy, in an op-ed piece entitled “Salem Revisited.”

The Crucible, of course, was a thinly veiled indictment of the crimes, real and imagined, of McCarthyism. Now it seems like something else. In *The Crucible*, a decent man cheats on his wife with a manipulative young woman. The affair then unleashes a flood of Puritan rage, along with a zealous and exacting judge, who is invited to determine the facts. What more powerful morality play could there be for this scandal? Of course, in the story, the Puritans believe the sex exposes

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In recent weeks, a major American newspaper has offered to pay over \$10 million to settle claims against it, even though no lawsuit had been filed, because a reporter based a story on over 2,000 stolen e-mails. A Pulitzer Prize finalist had to resign after admitting that she fabricated quotations and names of the people who supposedly made them. A writer at a prominent magazine was fired after admitting that he made up material in 27 out of 41 articles over the past three years. A major television network recently issued an apology, fired several people and reprimanded another for excluding important evidence that conflicted with their approach to a story. A major weekly magazine also apologized publicly for "mistakes" made in a report. Is it any wonder that phrases like "Media's Battered Credibility," "A Journalistic Felony in a Class by Itself" and "Dark Cloud Looms over U.S. Journalism" have appeared in recent headlines?

Designed specifically to combat abuses like these, the Herbert H. Dow II Chair and Program in American Journalism was created with a leadership gift from The Herbert H. and Barbara C. Dow Foundation. The Mission Statement documents the Program's dedication to "the restoration of ethical, high-minded journalism standards, and the reformation of our cultural, political and social practices." Like Hillsdale Col-

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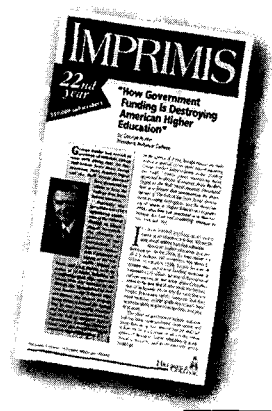
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a conspiracy of witches. Ken Starr believes it exposes a conspiracy to obstruct justice, suborn perjury, and abuse power.

As it happens Miller rewrote the play for the screen in 1996, even as the Clinton-Lewinsky relationship was sputtering toward its conclusion. In a *New Yorker* article about *The Crucible*, Miller says he realized that, without the Cold War, the only believable political theme and personal motivation remaining for his work was . . . sex. *The Crucible* was con-

■
**'Sex is going to
take the place of
the Cold War.'**
■

ceived, according to Miller, as a political play, but in the 1990s a remake could run only on sex. This wasn't always so. When Jean-Paul Sartre authored the first screenplay of *The Crucible* in 1957—*The Witches of Salem*—he envisioned the story as a brutal war between the proletariat and the ruling classes. Now the prevailing dogma is no longer dialectical materialism but sexual expression.

The Left takes it farther. If *The Crucible* is now about sex, so is the original "witch-hunt" from which it was born. No joke: when the Left says this scandal is McCarthyite, they don't simply mean that Starr's tactics are somehow similar to Tailgunner Joe's. No, they mean that Ken Starr is just like McCarthy because McCarthy too was interested only in sex.

One of the first writers to make this argument was none other than Sidney Blumenthal. One of his last pieces for the *New Yorker*—before he was upgraded to a paid position in the White House—was a review of Sam Tanenhaus's magisterial biography of Whittaker Chambers. Blumenthal barely mentioned the book or Tanenhaus, except to criticize the author for not answering "the question of what motivated the drama's principal characters, and especially its lonely and tormented witness." Tanenhaus, wrote Blumenthal, "made no effort to explain how Chambers's homosexuality informed his Communism or his conservatism. That context is crucial to understanding both Chambers and the evolution of Cold War conservatism."

Blumenthal wrote of Chambers's "true legacy," that "he helped to transmute an external threat into a moral panic, and to encourage a new generation of Cold War conservatives to do the same." For "a pantheon of anti-Communists . . . conservatism was the ultimate closet," a way of disguising their latent homosexuality. "Conservative anti-Communism," Blumenthal lamented, is "an anachronism. What endures is the fear of the enemy within: the homosexual menace." So, he goes farther even than Sullivan. For Blumenthal, there is nothing to conservatism except homophobia.

Nor is Blumenthal alone. On October 17, the *Times* ran a fawning profile of a leading light in academia, Ann Douglas. According to the *Times*, she argues in her forthcoming book that "Starr has picked up where Senator Joseph R. McCarthy left off." For Douglas, the criminalization of sexual behavior began in the 1950s, "[w]hen you had senators saying that basically homosexuality was an indicator that someone was a Communist." According to Douglas, Starr's investigation reflects "the victory of Cold War aims revamped for the 21st century."

Diane McWhorter, writing in *Newsday*, pushes this line as well: "Perhaps the most striking theme connecting the witch-hunts—including the original 17th-century depredations in Salem—is masculine insecurity. McCarthy railed against 'Communists and queers' in the State Department. Yet, he also doted on his subcommittee counsel, the young homosexual Roy Cohn . . ." McWhorter continues, "the Army-McCarthy set-to fairly bristled with phallic tension, punctuated uncannily by the senator's trademark giggle." She then ties the knot: "Today's McCarthyism is also about embattled manhood. Starr's constituency is the Christian right. . . . His supporters smugly cast the blame for the witch-hunts on 'radical feminists'—an updated version of the Cold War's stereotypical female Communists . . ."

In September, at a press conference organized by loyal feminist groups in support of Clinton, Betty Friedan declared, "I want to warn against sexual McCarthyism. . . . Sex is going to take the place of the Cold War." Alan Dershowitz has just written a new book entitled *Sexual McCarthyism*. Every day, in leading cultural and academic journals, the past is being

rewritten as prologue to the Clinton sex scandals.

As an argument, of course, this revisionism is ridiculous. Untold millions died under Communism, millions more spent their lives virtually enslaved. Some people believed—and believe—that this a morally serious fact. McCarthy did not head every committee looking into Communist infiltration; there were many others. Were they all homophobes? Were all of the committee members homophobes? Their staffs? What about the CIA and the FBI? Were they gay to the core, too? How about the AFL-CIO?

In the *New York Observer's* "super gal" symposium on the Clinton scandal, "the consensus was . . . that a Presidential 'f—about' was far better than a 'fascist pig' like Ken Starr." This highlights the closest similarity of this scandal to the McCarthy era. For decades in America, to say that you believed Communists might be a real threat—or that they existed at all—was to invite a determined campaign by left-wing intellectuals and celebrities to discredit you as a fascist and a zealot. And there is, of course, one last similarity to the McCarthy era: This time, too, the alleged "fascists" are correct. **NR**

■ **THE SCANDAL II** ■

Without Counsel

Would there be a scandal
without Ken Starr?

TOD LINDBERG

NOTWITHSTANDING that the House voted to authorize an impeachment inquiry into President Clinton's lies and obstruction only this October, the fact is that an impeachment inquiry has been underway since January. That's when independent counsel Kenneth Starr sought and received the blessing of the Justice Department and the court overseeing his investigation to look into the President's possible perjury and obstruction in the Paula Jones sexual-mis-

conduct case. In essence, Starr began conducting a sort of preliminary inquiry on behalf of (but not under the supervision of) the House Judiciary Committee, where articles of impeachment will in theory originate.

Few made much of this aspect of Starr's role at the time, unprecedented though it was. But he really was a walking hybrid. True, he had been investigating the Clintons and their cronies for several years in at least four broad areas, starting with Whitewater. But not until January did Bill Clinton land squarely in Starr's sights: namely, in the spot where the target of a criminal investigation stands as prosecutors gather evidence and present it to the grand jury with the goal of indicting him.

But Clinton could not be indicted. Or, at least, most legal scholars doubted Starr could bring an indictment against a sitting president. So here was a criminal investigation complete with subpoena power and grand-jury secrecy and FBI agents with a gaping hole where its climax usually begins: indictment. Even more important, the provisions of the independent-counsel law under which Starr was appointed specifically require him to report to Congress if he obtains evidence of "impeachable offenses" by the President. The law does not specify what those offenses may be, nor does it say how quickly the independent counsel must make his report. But the requirements of the law provide for an abrupt and previously uncharted transformation of a quasi-prosecutorial inquiry into a political proceeding replete with majority-minority partisan clashes, worries about public opinion, and the inescapable backdrop of electoral politics.

To be sure, all the latter are unavoidable whenever Congress considers the impeachment of a president, regardless of whether an independent-counsel law is on the books; presumably, something like that is what the Framers had in mind by granting the power to impeach to the body most directly accountable to the people. What the independent-counsel law does, for better or worse, is allow the House to begin somewhere in the middle of the impeachment process, when a report detailing evidence of possible crimes arrives from the prosecutor.

The question is whether this shortcut in

Tod Lindberg is editorial page editor of The Washington Times.

You deserve a factual look at...

The Golan Heights

To Whom Do They Belong? Can Israel Survive Without Them?

Now that Gaza and part of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") have been turned over to the Palestinians, the clamor for peace with Syria becomes ever more strident. Hafez Assad, Syria's president, has left no doubt, and it is generally understood that he will not make peace with Israel unless the Golan is returned to him in its entirety and without any conditions.

What are the facts?

Historical Background—The Golan was always part of the Jewish homeland. The Syrian claim to the Golan is tenuous. Syria, as a political entity, did not exist at all until after the first World War.

Even before the establishment of Israel in 1948, the Syrians subjected the villages in northern Israel to almost daily shellings, making normal life impossible. In the 1967 Six-Day War, Syria attacked Israel and was defeated. Israel occupied the Golan Heights and in 1981, for all practical purposes annexed the area.

Syria and its President—Syria is the most destabilizing influence in the Middle East. It is classified by the U.S. State Department as a narcotics-dealing and terrorist state. Its main fury is directed at Israel, which is perceived

as a bulwark of Western influence and civilization, both of which Syria totally rejects.

Syria's President, Hafez Assad, is a tyrant, every bit as ruthless as his Iraqi counterpart, Saddam Hussein. Syria is a world center for terrorism. It still harbors Nazi bigwigs, who found welcome there after the World War. Few doubt that Assad was the mastermind in the suicide attack on the Marine barracks in Beirut in which 241 Americans died, and in the explosion of Pan Am flight #103 in which 270 people lost their lives. He oversees one of the largest narcotics operations in the world.

Military Security—The Golan is about the size of Queens, NY. If it were part of Syria it would be less than 1% of its territory. But it is of a supreme strategic importance to Israel. Its high ground provides early-warning capability, without which Israel would be subject to surprise attack by the Syrians. Its loss would obligate Israel to maintain a state of mobilization that would be economically and socially untenable. On the Golan itself, there are only two natural bottlenecks through which tanks can advance. Those choke points

"With the Golan in Israeli hands, attacking Arabs could be confident of defeat and peace would be preserved. To hand the Golan to Syria is a prescription for war and for Israel's destruction."

are defensible and made possible the repulse of 1400 Syrian tanks that attacked Israel in the 1973 war. But with the Golan in Syrian hands, and without the radar installations that would give Israel warning of any

military movements, thousands of tanks—backed up by missiles and airplanes—could overrun Israel in a matter of hours. The Golan does not make for perfect defense, but it gives Israel a small breathing space for mobilization.

The Golan is the source of over one-third of Israel's fresh water. In 1964, with the Golan in Syrian hands, Syria attempted to divert these headwaters and to cripple Israel's water supply. It is more than likely that, given another opportunity, Syria would once again attempt to destroy Israel's water supply.

In its keen desire to bring peace to its people, after more than fifty years of war and bloodshed, Israel had been prepared to make far-reaching concessions to Syria on the Golan, in exchange for real peace. But Benjamin Netanyahu, who has promised his people *shalom batuach* (peace with security) is not prepared to give up all of the Golan and to return to the "death trap" borders of 1967 or anything close to them. In order to survive within such borders, Israel would have to rely on the goodwill of the Arab states, most of which—with the recent exception of Jordan and of the cold peace with Egypt—are still in a declared state of war with Israel. An aggressor will attack only if confident of victory. With the Golan in Israeli hands, attacking Arabs could be confident of defeat, and peace would be preserved. To hand the Golan to Syria is a prescription for war and for Israel's destruction.

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the process is helpful to the House in addressing the "high Crimes and Misdemeanors" of a president—or whether the independent-counsel law is not so much a shortcut as a short circuit, just a bright spark and a puff of smoke before the lights go out. How might events have gone differently in the Jones case had there been no independent-counsel law—and no tenacious Kenneth Starr dogging every scandal?

If President Clinton had settled with Jones in October 1997, before the name Monica Lewinsky ever came to the attention of the Jones lawyers, all the lurid tapes in Trippland would have left us with little more than a salacious sex scandal embarrassing to the President. Starr or no Starr, there would have been nothing for Congress to do. Had the Jones case been settled in early January, before Lewinsky filed a false affidavit and before Clinton gave any misleading or perjurious testimony on his relationship with her, the Tripp tapes would have revealed evidence of an effort by Clinton and Lewinsky to get their story straight—a false story. This would have been grist for editorialists on the question of Bill Clinton's character, but in the absence of oaths to tell the truth, his and hers, it's hard to see how there would have been much for Congress to take up.

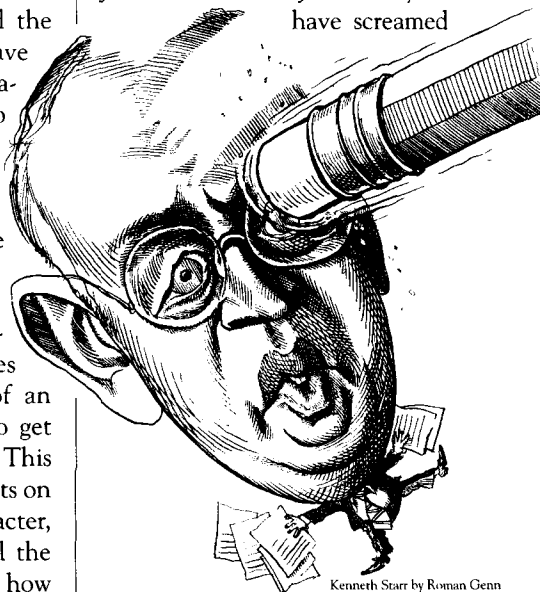
Now, however, suppose the Tripp tapes had come to light after the Lewinsky affidavit and the President's testimony, but in the absence of an independent counsel to pursue the investigation. We would have had, in essence, the germ of the Starr report—enough to think ill of the President on grounds of perjury, obstruction, etc. But who would have investigated? Janet Reno's Justice Department? Not likely.

Note also that there would have been no cleanly obtained FBI wire of Lewinsky's allegations. Tripp's homemade tapes would have been subject to challenge on grounds of authenticity (and the legality of recording them under Maryland law would have been subject to swift investigation). Tripp's character would have come under even more furious attack, and who knows what Lewinsky might have said? Might she have continued to deny the relationship?

Stayed mum? Surely the President would have been no less forceful in his

false denials in the absence of an independent counsel than he was while being investigated by one.

This would, in short, have been exactly the circus it was in January, down to the last clown. In addition, there would have been another huge question bouncing around under the Big Top: What is anyone going to do about this? My guess is that the President's cadre would have been asking that question in the form of a taunt. The President's adversaries, for their part, would likely have demanded action from Janet Reno. The Jones lawyers would have screamed



bloody murder, and rightly so, seeking relief from Judge Susan Webber Wright. But what about Congress?

Given the most serious evidence to date of perjury and obstruction by the President, would Congress have begun an investigation? If so, it would have been in the face of a blast from the White House about how a partisan witch-hunt of a lawsuit about sex had metastasized into a partisan witch-hunt of a congressional investigation about sex.

That would have been extremely tough going for Republicans, and they would have received zero assistance from Democrats. Would they have had the nerve to do the nitty-gritty fact-finding Starr undertook on their behalf, with interviews, subpoenas, and confrontations with the White House over everything from phone records to neckties? When the White House was telling them, as it surely would have, to get stuffed? With the President's approval rating stubbornly fixed above 60 per cent?

There would have been internal pr-

sure from the conservative wing of the GOP to proceed, to be sure. And the course of the Jones case, in the absence of the request Starr made to exclude the Lewinsky evidence in its entirety, might have been different, perhaps leading to further revelations and more pressure for Congress to act. But could the pressure for the GOP to investigate really have gathered sufficiently to prompt an inquiry that everyone would have recognized as a prelude to impeachment, given so many working so hard to prevent it? If the answer is yes, it is at best a whisker-thin call.

As matters actually stood, the congressional majority was able to stand aloof from such tawdriness and confrontation, deferring to the independent-counsel investigation. Yet impeachment, in the real world, is hardly a matter of aloofness, impartiality, and reservation of judgment. Members of Congress may posture to that effect, but they know that the real dirty work is being done at their behest and direction and under their detailed supervision by highly partisan staff. The people doing the heavy lifting on the Nixon impeachment proceedings weren't impartial and disinterested. They, Hillary Rodham and Bernard Nussbaum included, were out to get Nixon. The independent-counsel law allows, at first anyway, the posture to be the reality. Let's wait until we hear from Mr. Starr, Republicans said. But now they have heard from Starr. And if, as the proverb holds, a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step, they took their first step round about mile marker 750.

We will be dealing with this fact for a long time to come, not only as the process now underway unfolds, but also as historians evaluate the confrontation between Bill Clinton and Congress. How necessary are those first miles of the impeachment journey? How appropriate or legitimate is it for Congress to skip them—to avail itself of the independent-counsel law in their stead? Does the necessarily legalistic focus of the independent counsel's grand-jury investigation circumscribe the questions that, constitutionally, ought to be asked about "high Crimes and Misdemeanors" and the President's fitness to serve? And in the long run, how important is the shadow cast by the independent-counsel law over the process of holding Bill Clinton accountable? **NR**

Rhetorical Gore

The Vice President as
partisan bomb-thrower.

JOHN J. MILLER

"I KNOW I'm on thin ice here," said Vice President Al Gore at a meeting of the National Abortion Rights Action League in January 1997. "There is no way to discuss these issues without venturing out onto thin ice." Gore was getting ready to reveal why pro- and anti-abortion activists could not suspend their political differences and "make common cause" on reducing unwanted pregnancies. After his first inauguration, explained the Vice President, "I reached out to individuals who are leaders on the [pro-life] side of this issue." He refused to mention names "because the conversations were and shall remain private."

But he was willing to discuss the substance of those conversations—apparently they were not *that* private. The pro-lifers were initially receptive to his overtures, said Gore, but they later balked. "Here's my interpretation . . . a minority within the minority . . . believes that family planning in the form of birth control, and even the giving of information about birth control, is morally wrong," he said in a not-too-subtle reference to Roman Catholic teachings. Then Gore added, "The way coalitions are built and maintained is that sometimes deference is inappropriately given to a mistaken view. . . . If [pro-lifers] were willing to abandon that aspect of their common front, then there would be much that we could all do together to make abortions rare."

So the Vice President was essentially blaming the Roman Catholic Church for polarizing the abortion debate and preventing people of good faith from working together to reduce abortions. Despite an appeal by Douglas Johnson of the National Right to Life Committee for any participants in the alleged conversations

to come forward, none did—suggesting that they may have been fiction. Roger Cardinal Mahony of Los Angeles wrote a sharp letter to the Vice President, but the outrage ended there. Gore got away clean with his smear job.

The Veep is widely regarded as an uncontroversial automaton, a kind of political technogeek: smarter than the rest of us but frightfully dull on the stump. It's a myth, nurtured in part by a cadre of Gore advisors who like having their boss continually underestimated. Anybody who has spent time watching Gore's face redden and his voice grow thunderous in front of Democratic crowds knows that he can rally the troops as well as any member of his party. During these moments, Gore is not robotic, but impassioned. He is also morally self-righteous and sometimes reckless.

In 1994, Gore blasted the campaign of Virginia Republican Senate candidate Oliver North for relying on support "from the extreme right wing, the extra-chromosome right wing"—an apparent reference to the "angry white males" who, in Democratic lore, were the testosterone-crazed barbarians behind the 1994 GOP election sweep. Yet an extra chromosome has nothing to do with hormones. It actually gives rise to conditions such as Down syndrome. When a reporter questioned the propriety of Gore's remark, the Vice Presi-

dent mocked the concern: "Are we having a bit of political correctness here?" A day later, however, he owned up to "a poor choice of words."

In that case, Gore was forced into a rhetorical retreat—as he was last year when he claimed that he and his wife Tipper had been the models for Erich Segal's *Love Story*. Not true, said Segal, when the *New York Times* came calling to check up on Gore's boast. For the most part, however, Gore's speeches have gone unmonitored. Unlike Dan Quayle, whose every remark was closely tracked by late-night joke writers, Gore in his public utterances has drawn scant attention. Yet careless and inapt rhetoric may represent Gore's most underappreciated vulnerability heading into the 2000 election.

Gore's early career offers plenty of targets, especially on the environment. (One delicious ethics-related tidbit from the campaign trail in 1988: "My first pledge will be to restore integrity to the White House. And I'll fire anyone who has lied to the American people or the United States Congress.") In his bestselling 1992 book, *Earth in the Balance*, Gore argued (among other things) that "[w]e must make the rescue of the environment the central organizing principle for civilization." Republicans—especially Quayle during his 1992 debate with Gore—tried and failed to exploit this overheated rhetoric at the time. Since then, Gore has not lightened up.

What sets his rhetoric apart from that of other politicians is its bombastic moralism. At a September 19 meeting of the Human Rights Campaign, a gay-activist group, Gore compared employment discrimination against gays to the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II. To make a political point about homelessness a few days before Christmas last year, Gore said, "Two thousand years ago, a homeless woman gave birth to a homeless child"—a statement that would astonish Mary and Joseph. Also last year, Gore labeled the GOP position on immigrant welfare benefits "un-American," though President Clinton had approved the reforms a year earlier.

When discussing the environment, his alleged specialty, Gore has a fondness for employing Nazi metaphors. He once warned that environmental problems reminded him of 1939: "As clouds of war gathered over Europe, many refused to



Al Gore by Roman Giann

recognize what was about to happen. No one could imagine a Holocaust, even after shattered glass had filled the streets on *Kristallnacht*." Gore compared skept-

'As clouds of war gathered over Europe, many refused to recognize what was about to happen.'

tics to "Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain in Munich," adding that "much of the world closed its eyes as Hitler marched."

Today, Gore's environmental rhetoric is a bit less outrageous, but just as apocalyptic. He finds a way to blame any abnormal weather on hothouse gases. Last year's floods in North Dakota were the result of global warming, Gore claimed, as were this summer's Florida wildfires. He even blamed last winter's severe ice storm in Canada and the Northeast on global warming. "Could be a sign of things to come," he warned.

Yet the Vice President is probably at his worst when the subject is race. At a speech last January on Martin Luther King Day in Atlanta, Gore attacked opponents of racial preferences: "They use their color blind the way duck hunters use their duck blind. They hide behind the phrase and just hope that we, like the ducks, won't be able to see through it." Then, shouting, Gore continued: "We see through your 'color blind.' Amazing grace also saved me! Was colorblind but now I see!" He finished the point by quoting Scripture: "The Gospel of Luke tells us of Jesus' reaction to people who willfully refused to see the evidence before their eyes: . . . 'Ye hypocrites!'"

Gore hit similar notes last July at the NAACP convention, quoting the Bible to score political points. He blamed the Republican Congress for saying "no to opportunity." Then he flatly lied to his black audience about the GOP position opposing statistical sampling in the upcoming census: "The Republicans know theirs is the wrong agenda for African Americans. They don't even want to count you in the census!"—an example of race baiting that would have made Al Sharpton envious.

Gore doesn't seem to hold a terribly high opinion of his audiences. In 1993, he tried to explain how a program would benefit even communities that applied for a federal grant but didn't receive one: "In a way, this plan is like Dumbo's magic feather. Remember Dumbo? The elephant who thought he could fly because he was carrying the magic feather in his trunk? And then one day he dropped the feather—and discovered he could fly anyway. The secret wasn't the feather, it was his big ears. Communities may lose the magic feather of a Community Empowerment award and discover resources within themselves they never knew they had."

Was Gore speaking to a group of first-graders? No: he was addressing the Kennedy School at Harvard. **NR**

■ THE MIDEAST ■

Likud As It Gets

The Administration
is stuck with Netanyahu.

MARTIN SIEFF

BENJAMIN Netanyahu, the great Houdini of Israeli politics, has done it again. A day after returning from the Wye Plantation peace summit with Yasser Arafat, Netanyahu, the Israeli prime minister, defied his own ultra-nationalists to defeat yet another motion of no confidence.

His center-right coalition government commands a bare majority of 61 to 59 in the Knesset, the single-chamber Israeli parliament. And at least two Cabinet members from his own party—the

science and transportation ministers—had threatened to vote against the agreement reached at Wye. But in the end, the no-confidence motion commanded only eight votes and the two ministers ducked the vote and stayed in the cabinet. After yet another political cliffhanger, Netanyahu lives to fight another day.

In the two and a half years Netanyahu has led his country, he has been reviled by his critics (and revered by his far fewer friends) much more than any other Israeli prime minister. Most of all, he has withstood the barely concealed anger, frustration, rage, and plain malice of the government of his country's key protector and ally: the United States. How does he get away with it? Being underestimated—especially by American policymakers—helps a lot. The Clinton Administration did not expect—or want—Netanyahu to win his country's May 1996 general election. The vote was rightly seen at home and abroad as a referendum on the wisdom of the ruling Labour Party's conduct of the Oslo peace process with the Palestinians. The U.S. government, accepting the analysis of its veteran Middle East negotiator Dennis Ross, was convinced that then-Prime Minister Shimon Peres would win comfortably. The United States was deluded by the fact that repeated opinion polls in Israel then as now put huge majorities of 70 to 80 per cent in favor of "peace." No one stopped to ask what "peace" exactly meant to the Israelis responding to those polls.

It has become part of the mythology of the Israeli Left—and also of American Jewish doves and many Clinton policymakers—that the assassination of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin in November 1995 was the turning point that threw the 1996 election to Netanyahu because Rabin's politically inept successor, Peres, was doomed to lose. The truth is closer to the reverse.

Before the assassination, Netanyahu was running neck and neck with Rabin in



Benjamin Netanyahu by Roman Genn

opinion polls. This despite the fact that Netanyahu had only a fraction of Rabin's enormous experience as a soldier and statesman. Netanyahu and his strategists were confident of victory. But after Rabin's death, Netanyahu at once plunged 20 to 30 points behind Peres.

It took the slaughter of dozens of Israelis in a wave of Arab bomb attacks to switch the momentum back to Netanyahu, who had repeatedly warned of such attacks. Peres's lifelong inability to win elections kicked in and did the rest. His defeat in the fifth of five national elections in which he led Labour—a record of failure incomparable in his country's history—took Mr. Ross and his colleagues entirely by surprise. Even now, two and a half years later, the shock has not worn off. This makes Ross, as Arafat clearly realizes, Netanyahu's secret weapon. For he has repeatedly miscalculated and underestimated Netanyahu's enduring domestic political strength and inadvertently reinforced it.

When Netanyahu first met Madeleine Albright, he found her a far cry from her gracious, low-key predecessor, Warren Christopher. Coming out of his first Washington meeting with her, Netanyahu looked as if he had just walked into a buzz saw. Albright's frank (many would say brutal) and direct negotiating style left Israel's Great Communicator rambling and uncertain. It was Ross who gave Netanyahu the breathing space he needed.

Convinced that the 1996 hairsbreadth victory was an aberration and noting the fractious arguments within Netanyahu's governing coalition and its razor-thin majority, Ross advocated gently nudging Netanyahu into a National Unity Coalition government with Labour. This looked increasingly feasible after Labour dumped Peres and replaced him with former Army Chief of Staff Ehud Barak, the most highly decorated combat hero in Israeli history. Barak was much more hawkish than Peres. U.S. policymakers embraced this policy. They believed that, by moving to the center, the essentially pragmatic Netanyahu could free himself of his own right wing and make a more moderate peace, influenced by Barak and other Labour leaders. So enamored were Ross

Martin Sieff is State Department correspondent for the *Washington Times*.

and his cohorts of this vision that when Albright visited Israel prior to the Wye conference, Ross's smooth-running leak

Netanyahu has continued to tend to his own political grassroots.

machine spread the word that Netanyahu was on the verge of accepting a coalition deal with Barak.

Now, despite all expectations, Netanyahu is stronger than ever. Barak and the

other representatives of pro-peace parties, much as they loathe Netanyahu, refused to support the latest Knesset no-confidence motion against the prime minister, because they are committed to reviving the peace process. In so doing, they have virtually handed Netanyahu's Likud Party the next elections.

How so? Labour has given Netanyahu a crucial entrée into the potent Israeli centrist vote. By endorsing Wye, Labour has confirmed Netanyahu's argument that he can get a better deal out of the Palestinians and the Americans than the party of Rabin and Peres.

Also, over the past year, Barak's strategy of wooing Sephardic Jews—who make up

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55 to 60 per cent of all Israeli Jews—has fizzled miserably. The final humiliating blow came last July. Former Army General Ori Orr, Barak's closest ally and personal friend in Labour, gave an extraordinary interview to the leading Tel Aviv liberal newspaper, *Ha'aretz*, in which he blasted Moroccan Jews—the largest Sephardic ethnic group—as not very bright, and also as ungrateful for all that Labour had done for them. Barak at first temporized and appeared blind to the enormity of the insult. When he finally disavowed Orr, he appeared to do so only reluctantly. Lamented Haim Ramon, a prominent colleague and rival of Barak's in Labour, "There is a God. And he is a Likudnik."

By contrast, Netanyahu has continued to tend to his own political grassroots. His alliance with the powerful and rising ultra-Orthodox remains strong. However much the fundamentalist religious-nationalist leaders of the National Religious Party may threaten to run a direct-election candidate against him for prime minister, Netanyahu knows they will not dare risk throwing the election to Labour.

The great majority of Israel's 700,000 Russian immigrants abhor the ultra-Orthodox lock on church-state affairs and are more pragmatic on the peace process than Netanyahu and his immediate supporters. But they continue to be loyal to Natan Sharansky and his Yisrael B'Aliya Party. A close personal friend of Netanyahu, Sharansky is both far more Orthodox in his personal life and political views, and far more suspicious of the Palestinians, than is generally recognized. He will keep the Russian Jews firmly in Netanyahu's camp.

With religious voters, the Russians, and the Sephardim already with him, Netanyahu by signing the Wye deal has probably convinced enough centrist voters to back him to lock up the next election. This will be news to U.S. policymakers. But it is an assessment privately shared by Arafat's political analysts and most Labour Party experts. If the Clinton administration would finally acknowledge that Netanyahu represents a dominant and enduring consensus in Israel on the peace process, it might be able to forge tougher deals with him. Its hope that he will fall, if not on this Knesset vote, then surely on the next one, is simply a flight

from reality. And the ballyhoo over the interim agreement at Wye should not obscure this crucial fact, as Israel's Houdini celebrates yet another tactical triumph over his adversaries—both at home and in America.

NR

■ LAW REVIEW ■

Bar Brawl

The ABA prepares to fight dirty.

DANIEL E. TROY

THE conservative campaign against judicial usurpation may not be having much effect in the U.S. Senate, but it is clearly making some people nervous. Phil Anderson, incoming president of the American Bar Association, says, "An attack on activist judges is an attack on our Constitution. It is an attack on our tripartite system of government." Similarly, former ABA President N. Lee Cooper recently charged that critics of the judiciary are "taking a page out of the George Wallace playbook." Cooper also compared politicians who criticize activist courts to Communist Party officials in Ukraine who practiced "telephone justice"—i.e., the party officials demanded that judges phone them to find out what verdict should be handed down.

In short, the campaign to delegitimize criticism of activist judges has begun.

We are in a "crisis," according to the ABA, that threatens the independence of the judiciary. The com-

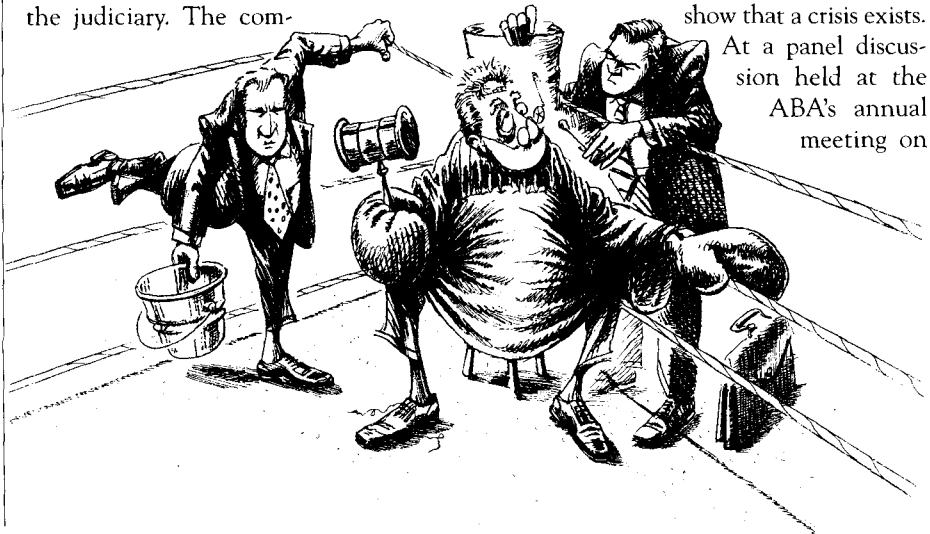
mission the ABA convened to look into this question has found that the crisis began during the 1996 presidential campaign, when President Clinton and Senator Dole both called for Judge Harold Baer's impeachment or resignation. Judge Baer, it will be recalled, suppressed evidence in cases related to drug peddling and possession on the grounds that it was "reasonable" for people to flee from the police in certain areas of New York City. Another threat, according to the commission's report, is "intensified congressional inquiry into the judiciary's governance." Some members of Congress have even proposed a constitutional amendment to limit the terms of federal judges.

What really worries the ABA is not that unlikely prospect but simply "increasingly strident political criticism of particular judicial decisions . . . including allegations of 'judicial activism.'" The ABA is urging its state and local chapters to establish "organized public-information programs" to respond to attacks on judges. It has even given them a sort of how-to guide.

The ABA's approach to this issue provides a taste of the public debate we can expect on judicial matters in general. For one thing, the "pro-judge" side won't support *every* judge and *every* decision. The ABA sometimes remembers to note that it wants merely to target "unfair" or "unwarranted" criticism. It's a safe bet that the *New York Times's* calling Justice Clarence Thomas "the youngest, but cruelest Justice"—or Judge Leon Higginbotham's saying that Thomas "was afflicted with racial self-hated"—would fall in the "fair" and "warranted" category.

Second, the campaign won't be very picky about what evidence it uses to show that a crisis exists.

At a panel discussion held at the ABA's annual meeting on



August 1, self-importantly entitled "Speaking Out for Justice," three film clips were shown to illustrate the threat to judicial independence. Two of them were just political ads used by conservatives during an Alabama judicial election (by the way, the ABA's own guidelines for "public-information programs" state that the organized bar should not intervene by defending judges in election campaigns). The third clip was a *Today* show interview with Charlton Heston in which he pointed out, accurately, that a federal judge's release of thousands of felons from Philadelphia's jails had led to 79 murders, 90 rapes, 701 burglaries, 959 robberies, 1,113 assaults, and 2,748 thefts in just eighteen months.

The only other evidence adduced by the ABA was a one-page overhead projection that showed a few headlines from newspapers and magazines. Two of these menacing headlines were from articles in series that have run for years in various legal newspapers, such as "America's Worst Judges." So far, these have not posed much

Lawyers do favors for judges before whom they might appear.

of a threat to the separation of powers.

One bar-association president has taken an interesting approach to deciding when to respond to a criticism of a judge: he asks the offended judge. Donald Bivens, current president of the Arizona State Bar, told the ABA meeting that he encourages judges to call him when they feel they have been unfairly attacked. Upon receiving such a call, Bivens asks the judge whether he would assist in preparing a response. If the judge is willing, Bivens said, that convinces him that the criticism merits a reply from the bar. He is generally able to get one out "within 24 hours."

Which brings us to a third characteristic of the organized bar's campaign to defend the judicial status quo: its incestuousness. Closed-door collaborations between lawyers and judges are only one of the problems. Michael Cardozo, former president of New York City's bar association, bragged about getting advance notice

Mr. Troy, a Washington lawyer, is an associate scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

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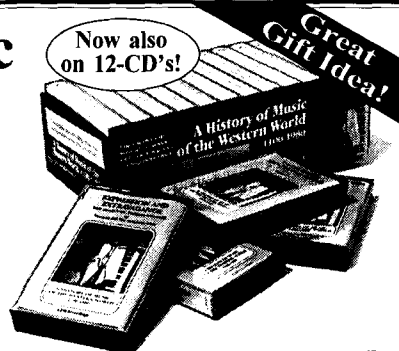
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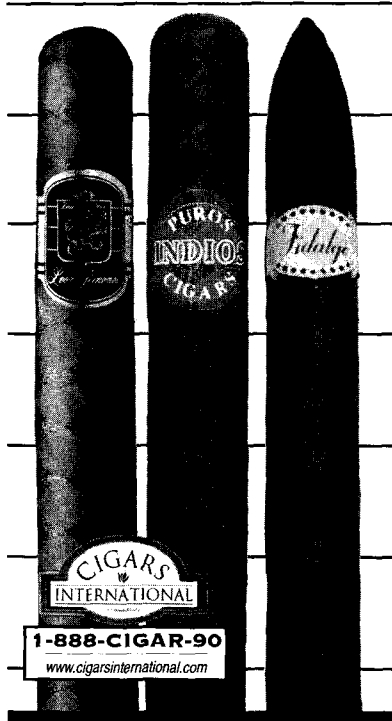
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from courts about when especially controversial decisions would be handed down—thus letting him prepare to respond immediately to any press inquiries.

So lawyers get to do personal favors for judges before whom they might appear. And judges get to be defended from criticism. Everyone's interests are served, except those of impartial justice. Part of being a judge at any level is making hard decisions and taking the heat. Indeed, the life tenure and compensation protections of federal judges are intended precisely to insulate them from predictable pressures.

Unable to win a battle of ideas about the proper role of the judiciary, the organized bar instead appears committed to intimidating critics. And it now appears willing to go beyond intimidation. At the August session, Mr. Cardozo even proposed employing professional discipline—e.g., disbarment—against those politicians who are lawyers by profession and criticize judges.

Of course, the tradition of criticizing judges who don't uphold the law stretches as far back as Thomas Jefferson. While Harlan Fiske Stone was dean of Columbia Law School, he decried "government by judges," particularly the notion that judges "should consciously endeavor to mould the rules of law to conform to their own personal notion of what is the correct theory of social organization and development."

The Senate confirmed Stone as Chief Justice of the U.S. in 1941. Today, if the ABA had its way, he might be disbarred. **NR**

■ CULTURE WATCH ■

Retro Rampant

Why the sudden yearning for the "authentic"?

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

IT was the first time a murder made me want to go shopping. New Yorkers have been carefully observing the trial of Corey Arthur, accused killer of high-school teacher Jonathan Levin. It's slightly

embarrassing to admit that what struck this observer most forcefully about television broadcasts on the story was Corey Arthur's lawyer, Anthony Ricco. In particular, Mr. Ricco's natty retro outfits. Sharpest of all: the immaculately pressed tan suit and bow tie combination, accessorized by matching Homburg and black half-frame Malcolm X glasses, that made the attorney look like he'd escaped from a 1940s hard-boiled detective novel.

Retro everything is hip these days, and it turns out Anthony Ricco was representing more than merely his client. In fact his suit represents a global trend summarized in the title of a book published a couple of years ago: *Possessed by the Past*, by David Lowenthal, a professor in England. With many examples Lowenthal illustrates his contention that people the world over have become obsessed with "heritage" or "authenticity": not history, exactly, but the past in such manifestations as can be put to use fulfilling very present-day needs.

Authenticity and heritage can take the form of the sublime or the ridiculous, but they gravitate to the ridiculous. Since the late 1980s American shoppers have constantly come across articles of clothing or other personal or household items marketed as "authentic." This means new stuff designed to look either ragged and old or like it was manufactured decades ago but preserved in mint condition: "Fossil Authentic" wristwatches, old-fashioned "Authentic Chinos" from Dockers based on a model worn by soldiers in World War II, Ralph Lauren khaki pants labeled "Authentic Dry Goods," clothing from the Gap in "classic" styles labeled "Authentic Traditional," "distressed" blue jeans simulating years of wear, J. Crew denim shirts described in the catalogue as "like shirts from old photos."

In architecture, new is out and old is in. The handsomest new skyscraper in Manhattan, the Four Seasons Hotel, gives the impression of an Art Deco tomb. Meanwhile actual old buildings, which in previous decades had been modernized,

are being restored to their original appearance, sometimes with lovely results: like Grand Central Terminal (see Jeffrey Hart's "Simply Grand" in *NR*'s last issue), or the new dinosaur galleries at New York's American Museum of Natural History, in which architectural details of the elaborate original design were revealed after being hidden for decades under plaster walls and lowered ceilings.

Old buildings that had not been tampered with have lately come under the stewardship of conservationists determined to see that the structures never will be altered or, Heaven forbid, torn down. Those seeking to fill new or old buildings with new furniture increasingly turn to copying styles of a century ago, as in the revival of the Arts and Crafts style which flourished originally at the turn of the century. Just last month the *Wall Street*

Journal noted a brand new trend in the same vein: pricey desks, chairs, and cabinets for the modern office which imitate the look of pedestrian office furniture from the 1940s and '50s.

In Hollywood, the mid 1990s were notable for the popularity of precisely researched costume dramas—Merchant-Ivory knockoffs, multiple renditions of Jane Austen novels, *Little Women*, *Restoration*, *Jane Eyre*, etc.—in which, a *New York Times* critic noted, "grand homes, furnishings, costumes, and hairstyles take leading roles. . . . You don't doubt for an instant that each place setting is correct to the decade, if not the year." In the performance of classical music, a movement toward the use of original instruments has been in force for more than thirty years.

It is not only other people's history that we have been seeking. Authenticity has to do not only with jeans, but with genes.

This article is adapted from Mr. Klinghoffer's *The Lord Will Gather Me In: My Journey to Jewish Orthodoxy*, to be published in December by Free Press.



It used to be that the interest in discovering and documenting one's ancestors was confined to elderly great-aunts. Since the 1970s, that interest has been democratized. Visit your local branch of the National Archives, where microfilmed

The spiritual hunger of men and women can't be denied without some consequence.

U.S. Census documents are kept, and you will see microfilm machines crowded with men and women of all ages, races, and ethnicities. Online bulletin boards devoted to genealogy likewise overflow with folks seeking the history of their blood.

The 1970s also marked the beginning of another back-to-roots movement: among adults who as children had been adopted by families unrelated to them by blood. According to Betty Jean Lifton, a writer and an adoptee, before 1975 there was no history of "reunions" between birth parents and adopted children. Today, Professor Lowenthal estimates, almost half of adoptees attempt to locate their natural parents. He quotes one 28-year-old: "To feel that I'm authentic, I need to be like every other human being who knows where he came from and where he belongs."

Something has changed in the atmosphere of American life to cause so many people to long for "heritage" and "authenticity," but what? Heritage must have a symbolic, you might say an esoteric meaning for us, and the origin of a deeply appealing symbol like this can almost always be found in the Bible. Sure enough we find "heritage" defined in Psalm 16, where David thanks the Lord for His "goodly heritage," namely the Covenant with Israel. In the sense of genealogy, heritage appears under another Biblical heading as well: the "tribe," 13 of which comprise the people Israel. An individual's membership in a particular tribe was determined by his male parent. Now, the Bible associates maleness with memory—the Hebrew word for male, *zachar*, sharing a root with the word for memory, *zachor*. And the Medieval exegete Rashi ties these concepts together explicitly in his comment on Numbers

26:2 that "by the tribe of their father they shall trace their genealogy." The principal content of Israelite memory is the Revelation at Mt. Sinai. When a Jew compiles his genealogy, his heritage, he counts the links in the chain connecting him to that event.

That the Bible connects genealogy to revelation has a significance not just for Jews but for everyone who grew up in a culture informed by the Biblical worldview. All people receive their knowledge of God from their parents, who received it from their parents, who received it from their parents.

It may sound like a stretch to say that the craving for roots is really a craving for God. But everything we know about Him—namely from Scripture and other traditional books that record His revelations to the prophets—insistently associates Him with the past; for Jews and Christians agree that the age of prophecy ended long ago. The Hebrew Bible's division of Prophets concludes with Malachi, who assures us that God will eventually send Elijah "before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord," when prophecy will resume. Malachi lived some 2,500 years ago. Now *that's* authentic.

And anyway, the hunger for authenticity, like a hunger for food or water, must come from a lack of *something*. What do we lack that our great-grandparents had in abundance?

In the past thirty or forty years, there has been just one truly radical and unprecedented change in American culture (surely in Western European culture too), from which many other devolutionary changes arose. Since the 1950s, by statute God has been banished from public life: from all governmental affairs, whether in schools or state-owned public spaces, and from many of the citizenry's private dealings with each other (employer with employee, landlord with tenant). Such legal reformations, or deformations, mirror an evolution in the rules of polite public discourse. God and faith are rarely depicted in the news media except as objects of doubt and scorn. Prominent Republicans praise religion as a helpful force in subjugating the evil impulse of their fellow citizens, but in public they rarely speak of God Himself as a Living Being.

Freud wrote of the tendency of repressed

instincts to express themselves under the cloak of a disguise. The spiritual hunger of men and women can't be denied without some consequence. For the past few years, feature reporters in newspapers and magazines have reported, in wonder and horror, the stirrings of a religious revival. Very likely, the repressed spiritual instinct had been stirring for some time before it was noticed. Possibly it has been doing so in the form of the movement toward heritage and authenticity.

As David Lowenthal tells it, English enthusiasts for heritage may already have begun to acknowledge the telling parallels between their passion and the passion of religious believers. He quotes some remarkably frank, or uncaring, leaders of England's zealous National Trust. The Trust is concerned with restoring old country homes, and as one rescuer of these great edifices confessed, it's "like nursing or being in Holy Orders." Another told Lowenthal about the point in his life "When I joined the Church—I mean, the Trust."

As for me, if I can track down a suit like Anthony Ricco's, I'll be in Heaven—I mean, well dressed. **NR**

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PNR48

Loss Leaders

After a season of disappointment, can the Republican Congress be salvaged?

STEPHEN MOORE

If there is any silver lining in Tuesday's gloomy elections it is this: whatever congressional Republicans have been selling for the past two years, the voters have declared they don't much want it. One thing is certain: if the GOP spends the next two years offering up to voters the agenda of mush they did in 1997 and 1998, Nov. 5, 2000 will be a catastrophe.

The GOP's near-death experience now requires some soul searching for not just the party, but for the conservative movement. For thirty years conservatives—from Goldwater, to Reagan, and yes to Gingrich—labored mightily to build a Republican congressional majority. But it's time to ask: to what end? Conservatives may be responsible for the GOP's command of Congress, but they certainly in no way direct or control it. In fact, on a multitude of issues the Washington Republicans often show all the ideological impulses of Rockefeller, not Reagan.

Exhibit A: the 105th Congress. Most conservative ideas—from ending quotas to cutting taxes—were either ignored or trampled in the last Congress. Straight out of the gates in 1997, Republicans ratified a non-aggression budget pact with the Clinton White House. "Social Spending to Soar Under New Budget," is how a *Washington Post* headline described that deal. Members then dedicated the next 18 months to spend-and-re-elect politics.

The GOP counts as one of its "accomplishments" House Transportation Committee Chairman Bud Shuster's \$217 billion highway bill, crammed with an unprecedented 1,850 white-elephant projects: bicycle paths, university research grants, hiking trails, auto museums, subways without passengers, and the like. "Democrats believe in wasting money on social programs," says one House Republican. "We believe in wasting it on cement."

Then there was the incomprehensibly inept budget-endgame strategy this October [see Kate O'Beime, page 35], which pro-

Mr. Moore, an *NR* contributing editor, is director of fiscal policy studies at the Cato Institute.

duced an expensive retreat on almost every front. While Newt Gingrich was tongue-lashing "perfectionist" conservatives who dared to oppose the budget, the Republican National Committee was churning out press releases proudly proclaiming that the \$1.1 billion payment for 100,000 new teachers was "originally our idea, not Clinton's." Where was the revolt of the conservatives? In the House of Representatives, a mere 64 Republicans (out of 228) voted no, and only 20 of 55 Republicans in the Senate did.

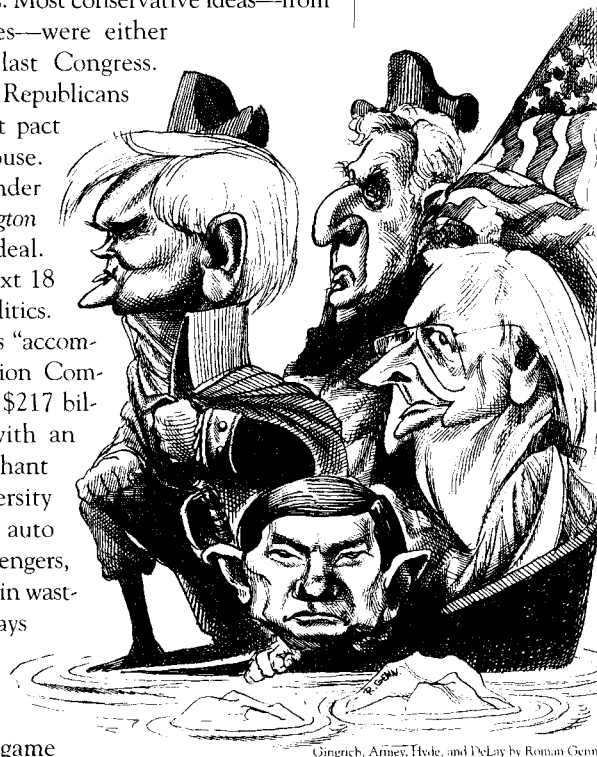
DEFENSIVE RATIONALIZATIONS

Republicans were more fiscally conservative when they were in the minority than they are today. Arguably, the most tightfisted Congress in a generation was not the Republican-controlled 104th or 105th, but the Democratic-controlled 103rd. Why? Because throughout 1993 and 1994 Republicans made the Left's life miserable by playing a ferocious fiscal defense that would have made Vince Lombardi proud. Now they make defensive rationalizations about the budget's being a conservative victory because it prevents federal funding of needle-exchange programs in the District of Columbia. To think that some poked fun at Ronald Reagan for looking for the pony in a pile of manure.

There is almost no difference in the rate of growth of social spending between the four years of Republican control of Congress and the prior four years of Democratic control. From 1991 to 1995, domestic outlays expanded by \$74 billion (in 1998 dollars). Adjusted for inflation, from 1995 to 1999 domestic expenditures have expanded by \$110 billion. If we properly account for all of the non-national-security spending stashed inside the Pentagon budget—for breast-cancer research, corporate-welfare grants, etc.—the domestic budget takes a larger slice of the GDP pie today than ever before. Since Republicans are always accusing critics

of asking for the moon, let me make it clear: The problem is not that conservatives must settle for a strategy of incrementalism; it's that the incrementalism is going in the wrong direction.

Republican Senator John Ashcroft of Missouri pushed for sub-



Gingrich, Arney, Hyde, and DeLay by Roman Gern

stantial tax cuts in the GOP budget. Only four of the 54 other Republican senators joined his crusade—in an election year, no less. Confronted with a blizzard of tax payments, Republicans proceeded to enact a tax bill that actually raised Americans' taxes slightly and then allowed Clinton to spend a third of the budget surplus for whose sake taxes supposedly could not be cut. In 1994, federal taxes took up 19 per cent of GDP. Now they occupy 21 per cent. It would seem self-evident that with a Republican Congress, tax burdens should be going down. Instead, through GOP inaction, they are rising.

The federal budget is balanced because the tax burden is higher than at any time in 50 years and the defense budget is smaller than at any time in 50 years. "On budget issues, it really is getting harder than ever to tell the two parties apart," says Tim Penny, the fiscally conservative former Democratic congressman from



There are three litmus-test economic-policy issues that separate the Reagans from the Rockefellers.

Minnesota. "From my vantage point, congressional Republicans have become what they replaced."

To be sure, Newt Gingrich and Dick Armey have only a thin majority. But the problem today is not just that there is no conservative governing majority in Congress; it's that there is no conservative governing majority even inside the GOP. And there won't be one even with the Republican pick-ups.

Pundits love to highlight the Republican Party's fault lines—the endless scuffles among various factions of the Republican base: cultural conservatives versus libertarians; supply-side tax-cutters versus balanced-budget hawks, and so on. But all of these skirmishes divert attention from the real fault-line: the divide between limited-government and big-government Republicans, the Reagans and the Rockefellers. Soon there will be another fight for the soul of the party—the Reaganites had better be ready.

And how can the party be remolded in Reagan's image? First, it's time to run and finance (a conservative Emily's List?) a full slate of conservative-libertarian primary challengers against big-government Republicans. Today, there are scores of Republicans in Congress—the two Utah senators come to mind—who are far to the left of their constituents. This past year, not a single Republican incumbent lost in a primary or was even seriously challenged. Giving a free ride to incumbents who routinely defect from the smaller-government agenda is a reward for bad behavior. The model should be Charles Gerow's 1996 primary race against then-ten-term Rep. Bill Goodling in Pennsylvania.

Goodling, the moderate chairman of the education committee, prevailed, but has been noticeably more receptive to conservative arguments ever since. Then there are term limits. Many conservatives believed that with the GOP in command of both houses, running career politicians out of Washington was no longer necessary. A new Cato Institute study by Aaron Steelman demonstrates otherwise. Steelman shows that in 27 of 31 key votes during the 104th and 105th Congresses, junior Republicans (those with six years or fewer in the House or 12 years or fewer in the Senate) were much likelier to vote for fiscal restraint than were senior Republicans.

Conservative activists should push Congress toward "de facto" term limits. The idea would be to make life miserable for those who remain in Congress past their "limit." The system of seniority would be replaced with a system of reverse seniority. No one would be permitted to hold a committee chair or a leadership position after six years in the House or two terms in the Senate. The congressional pension would also be immediately ended.

Finally, there are now three litmus-test economic-policy issues that neatly separate the Reagans from the Rockefellers: dramatic tax reduction and simplification, school choice, and Social Security privatization. Each is a populist issue with common themes—empowering individuals, ensuring long-term economic growth, and dividing the political coalitions of the Left. As with welfare reform, the time is ripe for these next assaults against the welfare state. The 105th Congress cautiously advanced on school choice and decided to "wait till next year" on tax cuts and Social Security reform. If the 106th does the same, conservative patience with the GOP should be finally exhausted.

During the budget surrender last month, a GOP activist complained to me: "Whatever happened to the Eleventh Commandment: Thou shalt not criticize a fellow Republican?" Now there's one part of the Reagan legacy that deserves to be abandoned. **NR**

■ ANATOMY OF A FAILURE ■

The Emergency Majority

How the budget was lost.

KATE O'BEIRNE

ON the evening of Thursday, October 15, congressional leaders announced they had a budget deal with the White House—but the bill was hardly complete. By Monday, there was still only one copy available of the 4,000-page agreement, and it was arranged in stacks on the conference table of Speaker Gingrich's "Dinosaur Room." A handful of leadership and Appropriations staff reviewed the negotiators' handiwork, with pencils in hand to make last-minute changes. Even on the eve of the House floor vote, it wasn't too late to accommodate the White House.

When the \$520-billion bill won the support of more Democrats than Republicans, Gingrich scolded its conservative critics. He explained that lawmakers "who have grown up and matured in this process understand we have to work together on big issues." But aside from the budget's high-visibility disappointments—no tax cuts, billions of dollars in new "emergency" spending—the process Gingrich defended was sloppy and amateurish, virtually guaranteeing conservative surrender on all fronts.

Included in the omnibus package were eight appropriations bills that Congress had left unfinished. Four of them had never been subject to amendment or a separate vote in the Senate, shutting out almost all members of that chamber from the process.

Meanwhile, before Gingrich and Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott got their chance to bargain away conservative priorities in eight days of discussions with White House Chief of Staff Erskine Bowles, individual Appropriations subcommittees had already negotiated their respective bills with the Clinton team. These negotiations involved both Republican chairmen (Old Bulls) and ranking Democrats, all of whom were happy to fund the President's priorities while cutting conservative policy riders.

Take Title X, the federal family-planning program. It is a case study in how a handful of liberal members and staff have the final say on scores of important policy issues. Negotiating Title X's



The GOP leadership never demanded that the President be present for negotiations, freeing him up to blast Republicans.

spending levels and restrictions was the responsibility of subcommittees led by Senator Arlen Specter (R., Pa.) and Congressman John Porter (R., Ill.), both big Title X boosters. Last spring, one of Porter's top aides, Robert Bradner, received an award from Planned Parenthood for "working behind the scenes" and "keeping the Title X program free of harmful restrictions and cuts."

Bradner probably deserves an award for this year's budget work too. The House had approved \$203 million for Title X. Senator Specter got an increase to \$215 million. The House had passed a provision mandating that parents of Title X's minor clients be notified about services provided. This was dropped. On the other hand, a federal adoption registry promoted by Senator Carl Levin (D., Mich.)—never approved by either body and opposed by conservatives—made its way into Sen. Specter's version of the bill. So much for the collective will of the House and Senate.

"It was a poisonous process," complains a veteran Senate staffer. Items would just be added or deleted with no accountability whatsoever. Senator Don Nickles (R., Okla.) and Congressman Henry Hyde (R., Ill.) wanted a prohibition on the use of controlled substances for assisted suicides, a priority for social-conservatives who hoped to get *something* from a bill full of sugar plums for the White House. The Administration insists that the provision never prompted a veto threat—yet it was mysteriously rejected during negotiations. We may never know why.

Two weeks after the budget bill passed, a senior Senate budget staffer was *still* uncertain about the policy provisions contained in the bill. It was only at this late date that he realized the bill included \$9 billion in "forward funding"—which means that the spending caps for the fiscal year after next have already been broken. During negotiations, the daily updates on the status of the bill—highlighting about 100 disputed items—were virtually useless, as settled issues were routinely re-opened.

The Speaker and Majority Leader reached an agreement with Bowles for \$1.1 billion toward 100,000 new teachers under a specific funding formula. The next morning, Bowles was back insisting on another 100,000 and a different formula. He got both—and plenty more, given how the Administration describes the new federal spending. The White House maintains that next year's funding is only the "down payment" on an agreement for a seven-year,

\$12-billion commitment to reduce classes to 18 students in early elementary school.

Education wasn't the only area where the White House won the day. The House had approved an important provision sponsored by Rep. Henry Bonilla (R., Tex.) which ordered a study of the efficacy and costs of major new Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) regulations on ergonomics. Bonilla refused to drop the study in meetings with White House staff. But the Speaker mollified the Administration by having a letter sent to the Department of Labor "clarifying" that the mandated study will not affect the proposed regulations. The budgets for OSHA and the National Labor Relations Board, held constant by the House, were increased to meet the President's request. As a result, the Administration could claim a total victory for its labor bosses.

A veteran Senate aide explains the GOP negotiating posture: "There was a universal assumption that everyone knew to be true. The President gets whatever he demands, and everything he objects to is dropped." In fact, the President himself didn't have to insist on anything. The GOP leadership never demanded that the President be present during negotiations, freeing him up to blast Republicans daily for their intransigence, while the GOP meekly capitulated to White House staff.

According to one Republican staffer, senior GOP aides were dismayed at the spectacle of their leadership's "lowering themselves to the level of staff"—especially a White House staff that has treated them so disdainfully. "Over the past two years," explains the staffer, "if meetings with our leadership and White House staff haven't been canceled at the last minute or postponed, members of Congress have been kept waiting." This is a calculated show of disrespect, and the White House—with good reason—expects congressional Republicans simply to accept it.

Were there Republican victories in the spending bill? The GOP leadership claims the 100,000 new teachers as one. Besides that they also cite as a concession wrung from the White House a prohibition on providing free needles to drug users. But an amused Clinton appointee at the Health and Human Services Department scoffs. After all, he points out, the White House, at the insistence of the Drug Czar's office, had already nixed Donna Shalala's proposal for a federally funded needle exchange months ago.

DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL

Although just one copy of the bill was available in the Republican cloakroom on the eve of the Senate vote, twenty GOP senators (including, significantly, Assistant Majority Leader Don Nickles) knew enough about it to vote against it. This, despite heavy lobbying by Trent Lott, who apparently wanted his members to know less rather than more. According to one Senate budget aide, "There was a conscious decision not to let members and staff see the bill in advance because we could have argued even more effectively against it."

And while Gingrich was labeling opponents of the deal the "perfectionist caucus," he was distributing buttons declaring "A Victory for America" to its supporters. The bill was a victory at least for that part of America residing at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Only after acceding to \$21 billion of bogus "emergency" spending, IMF funding, and federal money for teachers—and three days *after* announcing a deal—did Trent Lott finally wrest from the White House a concession on one of his most cherished priorities: extending the Mississippi duck season by three days. **NR**

■ CAMPAIGN AUTOPSY ■

Running on Empty

The Republicans go wobbly.

RAMESH PONNURU

WHEN Peter Fitzgerald takes Carol Moseley-Braun's Illinois Senate seat next year, he will become one of the dozen or so most conservative members in that chamber. Fitzgerald is a tax-cutter and a pro-lifer who makes no exception for rape or incest. As a state senator, he has had to fight Illinois's moderate Republican establishment, whose hand-picked candidate he defeated in the Senate primary.

So in the last month of the fall campaign, Fitzgerald ran ads trumpeting his support for . . . the Brady Bill, the assault-weapons ban, and the Department of Education. He almost certainly opposes each of these privately, of course. And his concessions were, in a sense, harmless, as Congress is unlikely to revisit any of these issues soon. But when a politician like Fitzgerald accepts that it is impractical to fight for these issues, it means that they aren't just on the back burner; they are in deep freeze.

This is supposed to be an election full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. It's not the referendum on impeachment it could have been, and no single issue rises above 11 or 12 per cent in the polls as a concern of voters. But a look at the way Republicans campaigned suggests that the political landscape is indeed changing. In race after race, they ran away from the conservative issues that fueled Republican victories from the late 1960s through 1994.

POLLUTED ATMOSPHERE

Those were the issues, like crime and racial preferences, that the media called "divisive" because they divided Democrats. Republicans profited even when they took the less popular side of an issue, such as guns, because the voters who agreed with them cared more. In the Nineties, however, Democrats have successfully associated Republicans with unsavory characteristics such as intolerance, racism, and nuttiness, inhibiting them from campaigning on such issues. Even if the issues seem formidable in isolation, the atmospherics are thought to work against them. So, conservative Molly Bordonaro, running for an open seat in Oregon, flip-flops on assault weapons. Jeb Bush, cruising to victory in Florida's race for governor, waffles on school prayer, an issue with 70 per cent support, because he doesn't want to play to type (and, to be sure, because of the state's large Jewish population).

Republicans' main response to this problem has been to make what they regard as merely rhetorical and stylistic concessions to the Democrats', and the culture's, emphasis on conspicuous compassion. "Compassionate conservative" is the preferred self-description of at least three possible presidential candidates in 2000. These kinder, gentler conservatives, including many Republican governors, hasten to add that compassion isn't measured by government spending. But it has certainly entailed lavish spending. And Republicans who talk this way have acceded to the idea that fine feelings are more important in politics than the

toughness to say no to groups that want things they shouldn't get from government.

Republicans are adjusting their policies, too. While their ideas for education reform are gaining ground, Republicans appear to be giving up on education-spending issues. Maryland gubernatorial candidate Ellen Sauerbrey attacked incumbent Gov. Parris Glendening from the left for not doing something about Maryland's "overcrowded schools." ("The only way you'd know she's a conservative is if you listened to Glendening's ads," says social-conservative activist Michael Schwartz.) The latest budget deal—and the terms in which it was praised—suggests that congressional Republicans have decided to drop their opposition to increased federal spending on education, perhaps for good.

Conservatives will be increasingly tempted to make their peace with big government. But it is not clear that retreating on abortion, as they have also been doing, is politically wise. Dan Lungren, running for governor of California, suggested that his opponent shouldn't make an issue of his obedience to his faith—in other words, it's a Catholic thing, you wouldn't understand. On



It's hard to believe that Republicans would need to trim their sails so much had they not lost the tax issue in 1990.

the other coast, Sauerbrey promised that, while she would ban partial-birth abortion and pass parental-notification laws, she wouldn't do anything more. Parental consent, for instance, is apparently too controversial. And these are two of the GOP's most conservative candidates. Mark Neumann, running for the Senate from Wisconsin, was the only high-profile candidate highlighting his position on partial-birth abortion—the only effective wedge Republicans have developed since losing the advantage on crime.

Will the new politics work? It didn't for Lungren and Sauerbrey. Republican governors are popular right now, but that may be a result of general economic conditions over which they have little control. It's hard to believe, moreover, that Republicans would need to trim their sails so much had they not lost the tax issue in 1990. In a *New York Times*/CBS poll on the eve of the election, the parties were tied on the question of which was "more likely to reduce taxes." Tax cuts are the sugar that helps the medicine—all of those "nos" Republicans have to say—go down. But since the public doesn't believe Republicans are serious about tax cuts, it tells pollsters tax reduction is a low-priority issue, and Republicans don't bother to get serious about cutting taxes.

So, even if 1998 had been a good year for Republicans, it would have been a bad one for conservatives. And their interests will increasingly diverge. This is a natural result of the GOP's attainment of majority status. It is becoming ever clearer that House Republicans developed a degree of ideological cohesion unusual in American history because of their forty years in the wilderness. As Republicans become more like the Democrats they replaced, conservatives should not wail of betrayal; they should lock in reforms that change the terrain of the politics of the future.

Social Security privatization, anyone?

NR

Chile Effect

Are Pinochet and Thatcher guilty of the same sins?

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

WHEN Lady Thatcher sent her recent letter to the London *Times* urging that General Pinochet be allowed to return to Chile, she made a very limited case. Far from exonerating the former Chilean dictator of human-rights abuses, she explicitly stated that there had been such abuses (although, as she added, these were not all on one side). That said, she pointed out that the General had helped save the lives of British soldiers during the Falklands War—with the clear implication that if Britain betrayed those who had assisted it in previous crises, it would not find many friends in future ones—and she warned that Britain should not risk upsetting the Chilean settlement that had restored democracy.

The nervous pleas for Pinochet's release from his political opponents in Chile and from President Menem in Argentina suggested they shared at least the second of those views. After one week, the British government's dramatic arrest of the General, which had at first looked like a splendid gesture of legal humanitarianism (or a shrewd move to please the European Left), seemed a thoughtlessly imprudent move by inexperienced ministers reliving their youthful "idealism." As Mao Tse-tung said, an eight-year-old should never be made Foreign Secretary, no matter how brilliant.

As far as the British and foreign media were concerned, however, Lady Thatcher's narrow-crafted arguments were beside the point. She might as well have launched a full-blooded defense of every action taken by Pinochet's secret police—and by his finance and economic ministers. "THATCHER—PINOCHET'S ALLY," shrieked the BBC's website in full tabloid style, adding that she had long been an "admirer" of the General and that her economic reforms were "to some extent" an "emulation" of the Pinochet policy. Other journalists took up the cry and had soon revived a thesis that, like General Pinochet himself, harked back to the half-forgotten ideological battles of the Seventies. They constructed an apostolic succession of world monetarism, according to which Milton Friedman had invented monetarism ("Let there be darkness!") and taught it to Pinochet; then the General had imposed a monetarist experiment on Chile by torture and the secret police; and, finally, Lady Thatcher, having carefully studied his policy, had "emulated" it in Britain. So monetarism is fascism disguised as accountancy. QED.

Unfortunately for this theory, all the known facts contradict it. In the first place, Friedman was never an advisor to Pinochet, and while he praised Pinochet's economic policies, he was critical of the General's human-rights record. Other economists from the University of Chicago were appointed as economic advisors, and by and large they gave excellent advice. The result was that, in less than two decades, Chile went from a bankrupt socialist Third World country to the most successful economy in Latin America with a growth rate three times the continental average. It soon left the Third World altogether.

As it happens, the Pinochet government sometimes pursued policies that departed from Professor Friedman's views—and, by a nice coincidence, those were the occasions when the economy floundered. Friedman is famous for his advocacy of floating exchange rates. But in the 1980s, Pinochet pegged the Chilean peso to the U.S. dollar. When the dollar rose, it priced Chilean exports out of world markets and inflicted a severe recession on the economy. At the time, several journalists who knew nothing of Friedman (or monetarism) triumphantly declared that the recession proved monetarism didn't work. Of course, as soon as the peso was floated, the Chilean economy resumed its upward swing.

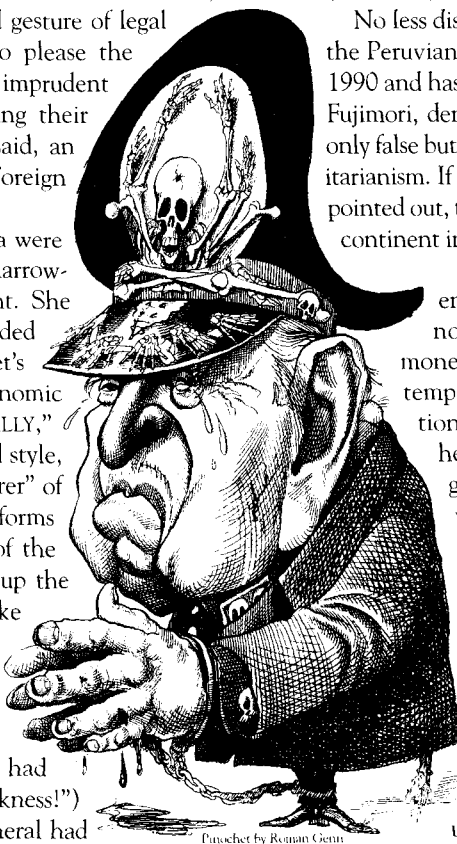
FASCIST MONETARISM

Faced with Chile's undeniable economic success since then, the Left falls back on the claim that this was the result of Pinochet's authoritarianism. Monetarism is inherently fascist, goes the argument, because it can only be imposed by state repression. Given that, however, any economic policy could succeed.

No less distinguished a democrat than Mario Vargas Llosa, the Peruvian novelist who ran for his country's presidency in 1990 and has since vigorously opposed the authoritarianism of Fujimori, denounced this argument in *Time* magazine as not only false but as likely to give an undeserved prestige to authoritarianism. If authoritarianism were the ticket to prosperity, he pointed out, then Latin America would be the most prosperous continent in the world.

But if authoritarianism is not sufficient to ensure the success of economic policy, might it not still be necessary to the specific success of monetarism—allowing a government to ride out the temporary unemployment that attends ending inflation? Perhaps you can see where this argument is heading in relation to Thatcherism: Was the Tory government's defeat of the miners' strike—in which the police fought pitched battles with striking miners—Lady T's emulation of Pinochet's authoritarianism?

Even if this general argument were valid, the miners' strike would not be an example of it. The strike occurred when the economy was improving, three years after the rising unemployment of the 1980–82 recession. And it took place because the miners' Marxist leader, Arthur Scargill, finally managed to evade the union rules mandating a ballot before a national strike by calling a series of regional strikes and sending violent pickets into moderate areas to ensure compliance. So it was the anti-monetarist Scargill, not Thatcher, who employed violent and authoritarian methods.



Pinochet by Roman Gien

But the general argument is false anyway, as the example of New Zealand shows. In 1984, a Labour government was elected under a mildly left-wing Prime Minister, David Lange, who was initially famous for refusing to admit U.S. warships into New Zealand ports if they might be carrying nuclear weapons. While the Left went on an anti-American rampage, reformist ministers pushed

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Pinochet's strictest emulators would include John Major and Tony Blair.

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through one of the most thorough-going free-market revolutions of the last fifty years. They almost abolished subsidies and tariffs, cut spending and taxes sharply, and imposed strict monetary rules (among others, reducing the salary of the central bank governor if inflation rises.) And all this was accomplished without repression.

No one has ever suggested that the New Zealand Labour Party was emulating Pinochet. And the suggestion that Lady Thatcher was emulating Pinochet probably began either as a malicious slur by the Left or as a mild expression of vanity on the General's part in a *New Yorker* interview.

Almost twenty years later, we are all monetarists—at least in the colloquial sense of favoring anti-inflationary market economics. New Labour, Tony Blair, and his finance minister, Gordon Brown, are especially eager to demonstrate their economic respectability. They have granted independent status to the Bank of England; they tailor their spending policies to the capital markets; and they loudly praise market mechanisms as socially beneficial. In all these things, they are closer to Pinochet than to their old Seventies' selves.

Indeed, if the true disciple is one who imitates the master's failures as well as his successes, then Pinochet's strictest emulators would include John Major, who took the pound into the Exchange Rate Mechanism from the fixed exchange rate system, and Tony Blair, who wants to take the pound into the euro.

Still more striking is the interest taken by New Labour in the Chilean pension plan, which allows workers to own an individual pension account and to choose its managers from among twenty competing systems. Frank Field, until recently Social Security Minister, went to Chile to see it in practice, and after the election met its architect, former Pinochet minister José Piñera. When Labour ministers meet former colleagues of Pinochet to discuss borrowing their policy ideas, we are living in a different world from that of the ideologically charged Seventies.

Or so we seemed to be. Then Pinochet was arrested! Old memories stirred, old passions revived, ministers recalled their youthful "idealism," and before long BBC journalists could be heard baying at the moon. It is not the elephant, but the Left, that never forgets. **NR**

GOLFING NEWS

Like old soldiers, oversize woods are fading away. Over 45% of a major pro Tour now uses smaller, low-profile clubs.

The end of an era?

by Charlie Allen

NEW YORK— Those big oversize woods we all loved so much are fading fast, and so are their \$500.00 price tags. The fastest-growing stroke-cutter among professionals and amateurs is smaller, less expensive, low-profile heads. Statistics, as compiled by the Darrell Survey, which monitors what professionals carry in their bags, show these smaller-head clubs now account for 45% of the fairway woods used by professionals on the Senior Tour.

Low-profile means a head with a shorter and wider hitting surface and a center of gravity nearer the ground. These features make these new clubs many times easier to play from the fairway than those tanker-size heads that plowed onto golf several years ago. Unless a ball is perched on top of a clump of grass, oversize fairway heads have a hard time getting under it. Perception adds to the problem. Large size heads look like they're

hard to get under a ball, and in golf when something looks like it's hard, it is.

So to enhance fairway play, a few companies squeezed these large woods into flatter, lower profiles, widened the face to increase forgiveness, and lowered the center of gravity to help the club get under the ball. The result is a better product, and one of the fastest switches to new equipment among professionals in recent memory.

One low-profile club claims it hits over six yards longer than two of the most popular oversize clubs in the game, but it isn't distance that has oversize heads heading for the rocks. The new clubs play better. It's hard to control a 250 to 290 cc head, especially when they come attached to a shaft two to four inches longer than a standard shaft. As a rule the farther away a golfer holds the clubhead from his body, the less likely he will get a clean hit. This is another reason low-profile woods work so well. Their shorter shafts deliver solid contact.

One of the newest of the low-profile clubs has gone a couple steps beyond the

originals. It has the heaviest soleplate in golf for an even lower center of gravity, is slightly larger overall to prevent the head from going completely under the ball, as one low-profile club can do, and sports a wedge-like forward lip that virtually guarantees a golfer will lift the ball smoothly out of tight and buried lies, light rough and fairway bunkers. Like other low-profile woods, it has a wide sweetspot to help correct toe and heel shots and a shorter shaft for greater control.

Since almost half the pros on a major Tour have given up yesterday's clubs, perhaps you should too. To see for yourself, try the newest one by calling its maker, NGC Golf, at 1-800-285-3900, extension 46 and ordering one or more lofts. You can take 90 days to return them for a refund, if they don't help your game. Ask for the Condor® T/L.

At only \$99.00 each (steel shaft) you could play a full set of low-profile woods for the price of one oversize titanium driver. Times are changing. © Best Enterprises, Inc. 1998 Ext 46

■ BACK TO THE ALLEY ■

Clinical Psychosis

Unsafe abortions are not
a thing of the past.

SUSAN E. WILLS

THERE was a time when you could count on reporters not to care much what happened behind the doors of abortion clinics. But times are changing for America's abortionists. One slip-up—you misjudge an unborn baby's age by three months, you lose a patient or two to a perforated uterus, you defraud a few insurance companies—and bam! The local papers are at your doorstep, exposing the ugly side of the American abortion industry.

Case in point: John Biskind of the A-Z Women's Center in Phoenix. On June 30, 1998, while attempting to do a partial-birth abortion on a baby whose age he estimated at 23.6 weeks, Dr. Biskind discovered the little girl to be nearly full term, weighing a hefty 6 pounds, 2 ounces. He delivered her intact, but not before he had fractured her skull and deeply lacerated her face in two places.

It wasn't long before inquiring reporters unearthed a few skeletons: the *Arizona Republic* reported that in 1990 the Arizona medical board had "scolded [Dr. Biskind] for trying to abort a full-formed baby he said he thought was just 10 weeks old." Mid-abortion, he sent the mother home with antibiotics instead of sending her to a hospital. The Board put a "letter of concern" in his official file. The next year, the Board added another letter of concern for the doctor's having signed blank and undated prescription forms.

In January 1996, examiners issued a "decree of censure" against Dr. Biskind for gross negligence in connection with the February 1995 death of a 26-year-old Flagstaff woman. In the course of committing a mid-trimester abortion (at 20-plus weeks), Biskind perforated and lacerated her uterus 8 centimeters (over 3 inches). The woman was discharged from the facility about a half-hour after the abortion and bled to death later that day.

Then, in April 1998, Dr. Biskind punctured the uterus of another woman, 33-year-old Louann Herron, in the course of an abortion on her 26-week-old fetus. An RN then in his employ maintains that Dr. Biskind knew of the baby's age from two prior ultrasounds, but instructed a medical assistant to take another ultrasound from a different angle to make the baby appear younger. (Abortions are not permitted in Arizona after 26 weeks, absent documented risk to the mother's life or health.)

The abortion was completed at 12:40 P.M. An hour and a half later, alarmed medical assistants—two of whom were new and untrained—alerted Dr. Biskind that the patient was still bleeding. He ordered medication to control the bleeding and left the clinic

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for the day. It was almost 4:00 P.M. when the now-frantic assistants asked the administrator to call 911. The supervisor refused without paging Dr. Biskind first. When 911 was finally called, clinic employees wanted the ambulance to go to the back door with the sirens off. Paramedics administered CPR too late to save Ms. Herron from bleeding to death from a uterine puncture.

Maricopa County Superior Court records show seven lawsuits that name Biskind, the A-Z clinic, or Dr. Moshe Hachamovitch, the clinic's owner; Arizona medical board records contain seven complaints against Hachamovitch and three letters of concern for problems such as improper medical record-keeping and failure to file fetal death certificates, required if the child is 24 weeks' gestation or older; and the A-Z clinic was fined for 12 health hazards (one "serious") in 1996 by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration.

Dr. Hachamovitch owns another abortion clinic in Phoenix and one in Tempe, as well as several in New York and Texas. At least two lawsuits and complaints against him have arisen from the deaths of patients in his clinics in New York and Texas.

Another case: Recent press reports have exposed Dr. Steven Brigham's systematic insurance fraud and tax evasion, for which he was sentenced to 120 days in jail, five years' probation, and restitution. But we found only one story in eight years that has mentioned that he lost his medical licenses in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Georgia, and Florida for acts committed within each state (including life-threatening botched abortions). Obviously, license suspension or revocation didn't inconvenience the doctor much; he simply moved operations to another state or hired other doctors to work in his clinics after each incident. The revocation of Dr. Brigham's license in New York didn't stop him from operating two clinics in the state. He also performed second-trimester abortions in New Jersey, despite a February 1994 order

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**The doctors and clinics that treat
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are, sadly, not aberrations.**
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from the New Jersey medical board limiting him to first-trimester abortions (up to 15 weeks).

Like Dr. Biskind, Dr. Brigham appears prone to underestimating gestational age in his eagerness to perform late-term abortions. On August 19, 1993, for example, Dr. Brigham told a patient at his New Jersey clinic that she was 16–20 weeks pregnant. He allegedly offered to abort her child in New York for \$5,000 to \$10,000. The baby girl was then 32–35 weeks' gestation and was born on September 15, weighing a healthy 6 pounds, 7 ounces. And then there is Brigham's bedside manner. After refusing to allow a mother to be present during her frightened 14-year-old daughter's abortion because she could not afford a \$50 "spectator" fee, Brigham allegedly over-sedated the girl and stuffed a handful of gauze into her mouth. Staff had difficulty waking her.

Dr. Mark Binder, who performed abortions at Dr. Brigham's clinics in Colonie and Nanuet, N.Y., has been charged by the New York State Board of Professional Medical Conduct with 18 counts

of gross negligence, gross incompetence, conduct evidencing moral unfitness, and fraud. He, too, instructed an ultrasound technician to falsify readings on gestational age so that fetuses over 24 weeks would appear to be under New York's legal age limit.

"COMPLETE DISREGARD"

It would be comforting to dismiss the dozens of clinics operated by these doctors as rogue "chop shops." But consider Atlanta's Midtown Hospital, the largest abortion clinic in Georgia. It is a member of the National Abortion Federation, gets Planned Parenthood referrals, and is advertised on the attractive Abortion Clinics Online website.

On May 22, 1998, Midtown Hospital was temporarily closed by a Superior Court judge pending the outcome of litigation to shut it down permanently. Repeated on-site investigations had shown the hospital's "complete disregard for, or the inability to care for, the health and safety of its patients." The Georgia Department of Human Resources had known of these conditions and nonetheless let the hospital stay in operation for the last two years. But the story still isn't well known; the only news coverage has been a short account of the clinic's closing in the local-news section of the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*.

The affidavit of "Employee B," a certified surgical technician employed at Midtown Hospital for a month and a half before resigning, describes Midtown's patient care:

On April 18, 1998, at approximately 7:00 A.M., I witnessed a patient deliver an intact fetus in the toilet of a bathroom in the waiting room area. After expelling the baby and the afterbirth, the patient walked to the operating room because there were no wheelchairs. I opened the fetal sac so that the fetus could be weighed. The weight was approximately 3029 grams [over 6 pounds, 10 ounces]. It was a very big fetus. My impression is that at Midtown Hospital a procedure will be done at any gestational age as long as the patient has the money.

"Patient Y" recounts her experiences in an affidavit as follows:

When I left the counselor with a group of about six women to change clothes, I heard someone hollering "someone help me, Oh God, someone please help." As the nurse opened the door, I saw a woman on the floor with urine all over the floor. That patient's daughter heard her mother hollering and started banging on the door and shouting. Everyone in the waiting area appeared alarmed. Women started leaving. . . . I heard [another] woman shouting in pain. I saw her go to the bathroom because her water broke. She was hollering and she delivered in the bathroom. A nurse came and put the fetus in some kind of urine pan and carried it with the girl out of the area. This became a common thing, girls screaming, water breaking, and then delivering. There was no monitoring by staff. . . . There were times when there was blood and urine all over the place. . . . There were so many patients that staff had to step over them. The patient that delivered in front of me was on the floor with her head near one of the doors. She was screaming and asking God to help her.

There are enough similar cases at other abortion clinics to fill several books. But no account of criminal incompetence in the abortion industry would be complete without mentioning several Los Angeles-area doctors who have been charged with felonies in the past three years.

In 1995, Dr. Suresh Gandotra was charged with involuntary manslaughter in San Diego County for the death of a 23-year-old woman in the course of a late-term abortion. State licensing offi-

cial had failed to act on an earlier charge that he seriously injured another late-term abortion patient. The "treating physician described her anatomy in medical board records as difficult to identify," according to the *Los Angeles Times*. Dr. Gandotra fled the country to avoid prosecution.

Prosecution for second-degree murder is pending against Dr. Bruce Steir in Riverside County, California. While on medical probation for "problems" in other abortions, and "practicing without oversight from a required proctor," Dr. Steir performed an abortion on 27-year-old Sharon Hampton, who was 20 weeks' pregnant, then left to catch a plane. She bled to death a few hours later. (Nancy Myles, an ultrasound technician who was assisting him, testified that Steir looked up during the abortion and said "I think I pulled bowel"—you can't "pull bowel" without perforating the uterus.) Prosecutors want to introduce evidence of similar, though not fatal, "problems" Steir had in 1988, 1992, and 1993.

The doctors and clinics that treat the lives of women so cavalierly are, sadly, not aberrations. There are scores like them. This ought to be a national scandal. But the pace of regulatory action is sluggish. Medical boards, district attorneys, and judges remain reluctant to punish abortionists for negligence or even criminal conduct. Many state legislatures protect the abortion industry from having to follow any real health and safety regulations, claiming that such regulations would drive up the cost of abortion and thereby make it less accessible to women.

Bill Clinton's rallying cry, "safe, legal, and rare," has been the refrain of abortion advocates, and it has convinced much of the country that they are the guardians of women's health and safety, as well as of their "rights." But it has long been clear that these advocates aren't willing to do anything to make abortion rare. And they aren't doing anything to make it "safer," either. **NR**

■ REVISITING FREUD ■

The Final Analysis

What can conservatives
like about Freud?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE greatest irony of "Culture and Conflict," the Library of Congress's show on Sigmund Freud, celebrating a century of psychoanalysis, is that it opened in Washington, D.C., that black hole of self-awareness, particularly under the Clinton Administration. New York, articulate and neurotic, only gets the second crack at it. The Chief Executive hits on a 21-year-old amateur underwear model, and lies about it compulsively; where does he seek help? A United Methodist minister. The First Lady, not surprisingly, wants intellectual stimulation and moral support. She turns to a liberal rabbi and the spirit of Eleanor Roosevelt. The electorate that voted for Bill Clinton twice looks up to Oprah Winfrey and her thirteen steps (Step Thirteen: Oprah is the Higher Power). When they want help that insurance will cover, some future version of the Clinton Health Care Plan or its private-sector imitators,

the HMOs, will prescribe ten sessions of short-term therapy. No wonder we are a nation of children, presided over by a stunted boy. Sometimes, Freud said, a cigar is just a cigar, but sometimes it is more. Don't expect anyone in Washington to think so.

Like every cultural comet, "Culture and Conflict" trails a tail of gift-shop paraphernalia, that charms and blurs. There are coffee mugs labeled "Freudian Sip," and pillowcases inscribed "Interpretation of Dreams." The books for sale are those of hostile academics, such as the literary critic Frederick Crews and the philosophy professor Frank Cioffi (a comparable situation would be a Jefferson show, featuring books by George III and black radical Leonard Jeffries). There is also the Modern Library edition of Freud's greatest hits, in the translation of A. A. Brill, which was thought to be clumsy and inaccurate when it appeared in 1938.

A LIGHTNING ROD

The exhibit itself is interesting, if necessarily low-key. Most of it is documents—Freud's notes of his sessions and drafts of his essays—written in what is now an archaic gothic script. The curators have labored, to good effect, to vary this sober fare with objects and images. One room features a reconstruction of Freud's once-populous desk—overrun, when he used it, with antique classical and oriental figurines—and his couch. Home movies run in a loop: Freud holds out a treat to a pet chow, who hops up to gobble it; the master grins. There is also a recording, in English, made for the BBC at the end of his life: his voice is lighter and higher than the stern iconic photographs would suggest. In an inspired stroke, the curators have set up TV monitors playing Freudian themes, as interpreted by movies and TV, from Alfred Hitchcock to Woody Woodpecker. Woody Allen wouldn't let any of his work be used; he must be waiting until he completes his analysis. At the end of the exhibit stands a wall of magazine covers and cartoons. Without the analytic couch, the cartoon oeuvre of *The New Yorker* would have been a two-legged stool, standing only on men in bars, and talking animals.

The exhibit became a lightning rod for controversy in 1995 during its planning stages, when the maverick Freud scholar Peter Swales, and forty-nine others, signed a letter warning that the Library of Congress was about to perform an exercise in hagiography. The Library's rethinking delayed the show for two years, but it is hard to see what the changes could have been. This is a mainstream interpretation of an Important Figure, reflecting the criticisms and reservations that any decent editorial writer takes into account. Maybe the only effect of the controversy was giving the books of the antis good shelf space in the gift shop.

Beyond the show, firefights have been raging around the Freudian perimeter for years. What is new about recent controversies is that Freud's assailants are no longer social or intellectual conservatives, but members of the avant garde—the very folk who composed his historic audience. Even *The New York Review of Books* has turned on him.

Among the first to attack him from this direction were the feminists. Freud had notoriously mixed results with his female patients. In a burst of folly and hubris, he even analyzed his own daughter, Anna. She never married; the only thing more traumatic than Oedipal defeat is Oedipal victory. More recently, Jeffrey Masson, the animal-rights advocate and husband of Catharine McKinnon, has accused Freud of denying that adults molest children, while Frederick Crews holds Freud's theories responsible for encouraging a rash of false memories of such molestations. Masson and Crews essentially accuse Freud of resembling each other.

Peter Swales, an energetic and not unaffectionate biographer, has mined the vein of what Janet Malcolm calls "criminography"—the tale of every unseemly or loony thing an Important Figure did. In the case of Freud and his followers, there is lots of material. Freud had at least a crush on his sister-in-law, made no love to his wife after he was forty, and dabbled with cocaine. The first soul mate to whom he confided his psychological theories was Wilhelm Fliess, a quack who thought mental problems could be relieved by operating on his patients' noses.

Later in life Freud expected his colleagues to show the loyalty of disciples; when it was not forthcoming, he (and they) accused each other of "resistance"—i.e., disagreement for irrational reasons. The first practitioners of psychoanalysis were, if anything, even more loosely wrapped than Freud. Carl Jung wrote that his closest childhood friend was a stone (the psychoanalyst

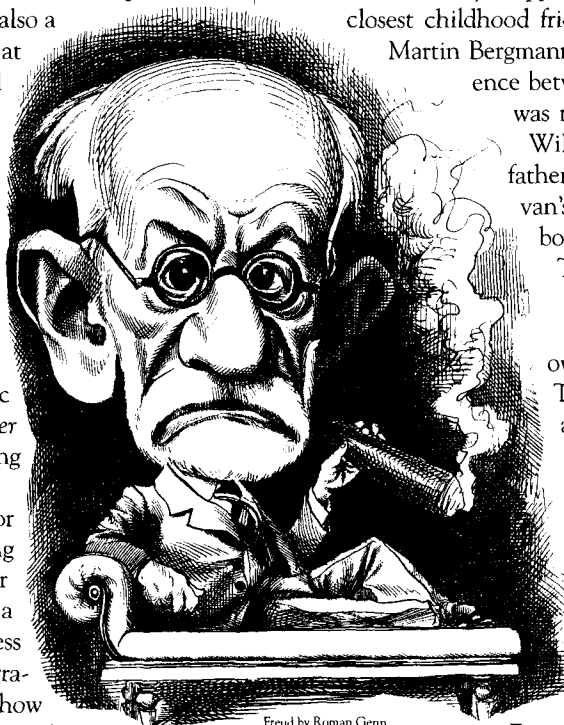
Martin Bergmann has remarked that the main difference between Freud and Jung was that Freud was neurotic, while Jung was psychotic).

Wilhelm Reich believed that he was fathered by space men. Harry Stack Sullivan's grandmother made him sit, as a little boy, on the floor in a circle of spiders. There was a reason these men were drawn to the problems of the mind.

Conservatives have had their own long-running quarrels with Freud. The weightiest charge is that he is anti-religious. He did not write, "Crush the infamous thing," in the manner of Voltaire; he expected faith to fade, to the degree that men grew up. The title of a late essay, "The Future of an Illusion," coldly says it all. The form of the "illusion" that predominated in his world was the Roman Catholicism of the Austro-Hungarian

Empire, but his relationship to Judaism, the faith of his fathers, was perhaps even more problematic. All his life Freud was fascinated by Moses—he wrote an essay on Michelangelo's statue of the prophet—whom he clearly wished to emulate and displace. His last book, *Moses and Monotheism*, argued that Moses had not been a Jew at all, but an Egyptian aristocrat who imposed a new faith on his querulous adopted followers. Is there a projectionist in the house?

Although Freud's prejudice in this area is undeniable, that has not stopped religious believers, such as W. W. Meissner or Paul Vitz, from using his theories. The very coolness of Freud's hostility allows for a practical détente. Far more dangerous to the devout is



Freud by Roman Gern

Dumbed-Down Catholics

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW get loads of mail, faxes, and phone calls from our readers, and one story we hear over and over again goes like this: "My wife and I scrimped and saved to send our six children to Catholic schools, all the way through college. We did everything we could to give our kids a solid Catholic upbringing. Now three are married (two outside the Church, one inside) and three are shackled-up. Only two of our kids show any interest in the Faith — ironically, two of the cohabiters. They take Communion without any qualms when they happen to be in church, and show no interest in straightening out their lives. All our kids are 'pro-choice' and 'pro-gay.' And, oh, we have no grandchildren." The folks who tell us these stories are heartsick, feel betrayed, even worry about their children's souls.

What went wrong? Over the last 30 or so years many religious educators across the nation have in effect stopped teaching Catholicism and have basically been teaching religious humanism instead. Kids haven't been taught much of anything about the authority of Scripture, Tradition, and Magisterium, about sexual morality, Transubstantiation, the consequences of sin, and the reality of Hell. Instead, they've learned about tolerance of neighbor, recycling, self-esteem, and little else. They are victims of spiritual censorship — but the ACLU isn't rushing to their defense. Meanwhile, many pastors have been taking the same approach in their homilies and parish "renewal" programs.

People fed this pabulum who haven't simply

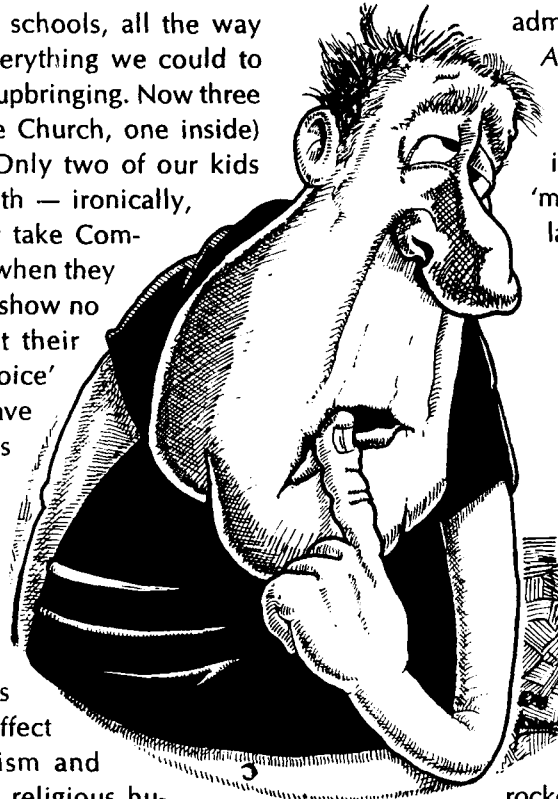
dropped out of the Church now seem to constitute the bulk of Catholics in certain dioceses. Is Milwaukee one such diocese? It certainly sounds like it, given what its liberal Archbishop, Rember Weakland

admits. He reports in an article in *America* that the majority of Catholics in his jurisdiction "seem to ignore much of the church's teaching on sexuality," and "the word 'magisterium' is not in their vocabulary" and wasn't part of their religious instruction. They perhaps "dabble a bit in some New Age thinking," but "have read nothing" written by the Pope. They want a spirituality that doesn't "put guilt trips on them" and a Church that's "more flexible" than it already is. Is Weakland troubled by this? Hardly. He regards these slothful Catholics as the "vital force" in his archdiocese, and he'd like his "pastoral leaders" to "model the flexibility" being called for by these people!

You don't have to be a rocket scientist to see a pattern: Liberal religious educators and pastors dumb down Catholics, and then liberal bishops redefine ignorance and sloth as "vitality" and call for more "flexibility" — i.e., more ignorance and sloth. This is a prescription for the suicide of Catholicism.

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Jung, who accepted the transcendent, but only as a guise for his system of archetypes. Joseph Campbell and *Star Wars* are the degenerate end products of this line of thought.

Paul Johnson, following Karl Popper, scorned Freud's theories in *Modern Times* as empirically unverifiable. This critique has not stopped Johnson from writing at length about Hell; Popper by now knows the truth or falsehood of that hypothesis, though he cannot tell us. Libertarians, who reject any explanations of their behavior not arising out of their own autonomous reasonings, are of course

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Conservatives have a source of resentment arising from the fact that Freud's followers in America tended to be liberal.

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death on Freud. Finally, there are the science-heads in conservative ranks, who expect the study of the brain to supply us with a chest of pills for all ills. Why this would enhance our freedom more than talking to a shrink twice a week is unclear, but since the loose chemical ends have not quite been tied, we have time to debate the matter.

Conservatives have a last source of resentment arising from the fact that Freud's followers in America tended to be liberal—in their heyday, quite humptuously so. There were the shrinks who diagnosed Barry Goldwater at long distance in 1964. During the trial of Alger Hiss, the defense called Dr. Carl Binger, who performed the same feat on Whittaker Chambers, testifying, among other things, that Chambers's craziness could be inferred from the number of times he had looked at the ceiling while on the stand. Cross-examination established that Dr. Binger had looked at the ceiling several dozen times himself.

One of the few conservatives to consistently give Freud the benefit of the doubt has been his fellow Austrian, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, who argues that, in his way, Freud was more conservative than not. What does he mean?

Freud's theories grew out of his work. He spent the first twenty years of his career (1876–1896) as a neurologist. He was also attracted by the experiments of the French psychologist Jean Martin Charcot with hypnosis: Charcot could induce or relieve paralysis in patients while they were in hypnotic trances. But Freud moved away from his field out of dissatisfaction with its view of the brain as an “ingenious but idiotic machine,” in the words of the modern neurologist Oliver Sacks, and Charcot's successes seemed to offer only temporary relief.

Freud broke through when he realized that his patients could reveal important information about their problems through dreams, associations, and other non-logical processes. For the next forty years, until his death in 1939, his career went on parallel tracks: theorizing about the territory he uncovered, while he treated the people on his couch. He epitomized his work in a handful of case histories, which became famous. Some he bungled. “Dora” (Ida Bauer) was a young woman who was being used by her father as a pawn in a love triangle; Freud could not see the squalor of the situation. With some he had partial success. The “Wolf Man” (Sergei Pankejeff), an émigré Russian nobleman,

had two analyses with Freud, and a third after Freud died; Pankejeff liked being the center of attention. Sometimes Freud saved the day. The “Rat Man” (Ernst Lanzer), a young lawyer obsessed with rats, torture, and his father, was able with Freud's help to live an untormented life.

As a theorist, Freud was blessed and cursed with a lucid prose style (he won a coveted German literary prize). His writing persuaded peers and appealed to the public; at the same time, he left a trail of glittering but disparate aperçus in his wake, or felt compelled to organize the ones he had not abandoned into sometimes rigid or rickety systems. The metapsychology, in its classic form, posited instincts, or “drives,” which are impossible to eliminate, but often have to be controlled, so that civilized life may function. Desire and aggression were the main ones, though towards the end of his life, depressed by Europe's wars, Freud wondered if aggression were not a kind of death wish.

Freudian drive theory can look like the Temple of Doom, elaborately booby-trapped at birth; certain stimuli, from parents to body parts, will set the giant boulders rolling. Some of Freud's followers—pre-eminently Jung—fled the edifice. Others, taking their cue from Freud's younger colleague Sandor Ferenczi, have recently paid more attention to the way a personality develops in response to the personalities around it. Life sets our boobytraps, not destiny. Freud the theoretician would probably react to these changes in a variety of ways, from apoplexy to hard-won respect (Richard Sterba, one of the last survivors of the Wednesday Group, Freud's inner circle, described the moment when he proposed an intellectual wrinkle: the adepts held their fire, until the master unexpectedly gave his blessing). As a clinician, Freud would want to see how the new models worked. You could send a sick horse to Ferenczi, he once admitted, and it would get well.

WHAT'S LEFT?

What survives of Freudianism? Probably three things—the unconscious, transference, and dreams. Each of us carries an unconscious, a realm of compelling thoughts of which we are unaware. “‘I have done that,’ says my memory,” as Nietzsche put it. “‘I cannot have done that,’ says my pride, and remains inexorable. Eventually—memory yields.” Sometimes these thoughts hold or tug us in ways that give us unnecessary pain. Their power can be loosened through what “Anna O.”—a patient of one of Freud's colleagues—christened the “talking cure.” This is not just offering explanations in the manner of Sherlock Holmes. Every cure, or analysis, involves transference, in which the therapist evokes the image of other people in the patient's life. This happens in real life all the time (“I want a girl just like the girl/ That married dear old Dad”). With skill and luck, an analyst can observe the process, and put it to good use. One tool in any analysis is the patient's dreams, which are not the random firing of neurons (a favorite explanation of the science-heads). Homer was closer to the truth when he wrote of them as messengers from the gods. They are messengers, babbling but honest, from ourselves.

Freud was tyrannical only in everything but his central intention: he wanted to help the people who came to him navigate their own lives without lingering distress. He was also a tough guy. He knew normal life was hard enough. His 1890s solutions were harder than our 1990s ones. Sometimes he had no solutions to offer; civilization brought discontent, along with Michelangelo. Conservatives can give him their hard-won respect. **NR**

■ LETTER FROM AL ■

FROM THE DESK OF GEORGE BUSH

Dear Boys:

What can I say? A jillion congrats is what! Vic Damone-city. You've both got the Big Mo happening, and your mom and I couldn't be more thrilled and tickled. It's a Bush double bill, is what it is. It's mixed-doubles a-go-go.

So let me just reiterate the whole proud-of-my-boys thing—proud of Neil too, and Doro, and proud of the ideals of the separation of church and state, now that I'm listing the what-I'm-proud-of stuff—and let you know that your mom and I are back here just totally one-hundred percent tickled.

Okay. Next subject.

In re: the Bush Bros. and the Big Mo for you-know-what and you-know-which-high-office, let's just get it all right out and in the open and say, "Hey, squirrely-feeling city" because both of you boys have got a Big Bertha-sized pot of electoral votes. GW, let's start it out with you: you're a rascal and you did some stuff back then—don't need to know the gruesome details; don't want to know the whats and the wherefores, let's just say that you raised a little h-e-double six irons and get another drink—and I'd be less than honest if I didn't say that it was going to hurt you some. I'll be frank-city with you, my boy, you were a little haywire, what with the red MG and the bachelor pad with the hot and cold running ladies in and out of there at all hours and you practically killed your mother a time or two with your habit of showing up at holiday dinners with some gal I didn't know whether to stand up when she came into the room or tuck a few bucks into her bikini bottom, and I think you know which ones I mean, kiddo.

So you're going to have to neutralize that one big-time, and triple quick, too, because you're out in front, and the front is a lonely-city place to be, let me be the one to tell you. You're the guy out there taking all the shots from the little guys in the peanut gallery. And it gets ugly and mean and vicious if you're lucky, because that's a whole money thing and you'll do okay on that front, let

me tell you. The problem, though, is that you've got those checkers in the past and this is going to be a who's-squeakier-than-whom type primary situation, and totally honest now, not sure you're going to make it in that category.

Which brings me to Jebbie. Jeb, you've got a clean record in the skeletons department (so clean that your mom and I thought you were . . . you know . . . a little light in the loafers for a while—didn't judge, though, we just thought) and that's a good thing. Plus the little brown ones never hurt anything, right? Gotta neutralize that issue pretty fast, I think.

But the problem, Jebbo, is in the details. And you know what they say: God lives in detail-city—or is it the devil? anyway:—and by the time you're gearing up for the Big One, you're not going to have much of a record there to really push, plus which I'm sure Florida's going to think 'what the heck? we elected this Bush kid for 4 years, not 2!!' and that'll be some rough putting in heavy grass. Been there, done there.

So let me make a proposition to you guys: Bush & Bush 'OO. That way there's no ugly squabbling or nasty me-me-ism around the holiday table, no Bush vs. Bush in the primaries (talk about ugly! talk about embarrassing!)—plus which I'm not sure Uncle Jon or any of those guys are going to be able to raise money for the both of you (I mean, that'd be kind of double-dipping, don't you think? Not quite fair, it seems to me) and it would be rude to make them all choose, so your mom and I have pretty much settled on the B&B option. Bush & Bush—one of you has got the experience, the other has got the squeaky-clean thing going on. Plus the little brown ones, which never hurt anybody to have in the campaign photo, let me tell you.

We'll decide on the head of the ticket this summer, up in Maine, the Bush way. The fastest eighteen holes wins. Tie breaker is horseshoes. See you there . . .

Love and stuff,

Pop

JOIN BILL BUCKLEY AS WE CELEBRATE THE 10TH

CASPAR WEINBERGER, ALEXANDER HAIG, WILLIAM CLARK, RICHARD ALLEN, EDWIN MEESE, JAMES BUCKLEY, VERNON WALTERS, SAM NUNN, JOHN O'SULLIVAN, RICH LOWRY, KATE O'BEIRNE, & PETER RODMAN ON T

NATIONAL REVIEW 1999 BALTIC CRUISE

London, Berlin, Oslo, Helsinki, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Tallin, Bornholm, Århus, & Copenhagen. Sailing aboard Holland America Line's Spectacular MS ROTTERDAM VI July 18-30, 1999

1999. Has it already been ten years since the Berlin Wall fell? Has a decade passed since the Iron Curtain began to disintegrate?



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To mark the historic 10th anniversary of one of the greatest episodes of the 20th century, your favorite conservative magazine—the very journal that was at the forefront of the fight against Soviet totalitarianism—is proud to announce a special event: the *National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise*.

Joining **Bill Buckley** and *NR* editors **Rich Lowry**, **John O'Sullivan**, **Kate O'Beirne**, and **Peter Rodman** aboard Holland America Line's luxurious flagship, the *MS Rotterdam VI*, for this once-in-a-lifetime affair will be some of the biggest names of the battle against Communism, including former Defense Secretary **Caspar Weinberger**, former Secretary of State **Alexander Haig**, former White House National Security chiefs **William Clark** and **Richard Allen**, former Senator **Sam Nunn**, former Attorney General **Edwin Meese**, General **Vernon Walters** (former UN Ambassador, CIA nabob, and Ambassador to West Germany when the Wall a-tumbled!), and former

Senator **James Buckley**, who ran Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty for the Gipper, (and who's also the brother of

NR'S GIFTS: FREE LUXURY BERLIN EXCURSION ...

July 22, 1999, will be a great day for *NR* cruisers. Early that morning the *Rotterdam VI* will dock in Warnemünde, Germany, where we'll hop on a luxury train for a trip through the lush countryside. Our destination: Berlin. There, air-conditioned motor coaches will take us from one historic landmark to another, including, of course, the remains of the infamous Wall. From dawn till dusk, you'll enjoy great sights, food, drinks, and companionship. This special bells-and-whistles excursion costs \$400 per person. But it's yours, **FREE**, as *National Review's* "thank you" for joining us on this once-in-a-lifetime trip!

... PLUS NR WILL PAY FOR ALL THE "EXTRAS"!

Port fees, taxes, transfers, gratuities—those "incidental" costs add up. For the Baltic cruise, they will run roughly \$425.00 per person. But as yet another way of saying "thanks," *NR* is picking up this. All told, the Berlin tour plus the "incidentals" is a whopping \$825.00 per person value, at no cost to you. How can you say "No" to that?!

you-know-who!). The *National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise* will be your once-in-a-lifetime chance to meet the key players and tacticians who fought and triumphed in the epic battle to topple Soviet totalitarianism.

Through seven seminar sessions, numerous social events, and 12 nights of fine dining (when you'll be enjoying intimate meals with our special guests), the *National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise* will provide you with a special, unique opportunity to hear the inside story on how some great men and women worked together to pull off the greatest feat of modern times: restoring freedom to hundreds of millions of oppressed people.

Imagine yourself discussing the roll back of the Soviet threat with **Caspar Weinberger**. Or finding out from **William Clark** and **Vernon Walters** how Ronald Reagan forged an alliance with the Vatican to keep Poland's Solidarity movement alive. Or learning from **Ed Meese** the inside-the-Oval Office details of how the Gipper battled the Evil Empire. Or asking **Al Haig** how he coordinated anti-Soviet policies with America's allies. Or finding out from **Sam Nunn** the key support this fight received from Democrats (well, some Democrats). Or hearing from **Jim Buckley** how an embattled American radio outfit kept hope alive for millions

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BERLIN WALL'S FALL WITH

f Europeans. Or reliving with Bill Buckley his hand-to-hand fighting in the public arena with America's apologist Left.

All of this can, and will, happen on the **National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise**. The question is, will you be there?

We hope so. On top of all the discussion of great events, on top of the celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the Berlin Wall's fall, the **National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise** will be a phenomenal travel extravaganza that will bring you face to face with northern Europe's most historic cities and most beautiful sights.

The "Voyage of the Vikings and Czars," as Holland America has dubbed the cruise, is one of the most sought-after vacations, and for good reason: the sights are so stunning, the ports so beautiful, and the "season" so short that most 1999 Baltic cruises are already sold out!

But don't fret: NR has a lock on 225 cabins (over 60 are *already* gone!) for his special July voyage—but only for a limited time, so you must act quickly. Here's our schedule: The floating paradise for this special journey is the **Rotterdam VI**, Holland America's new flagship (everything is in mint condition, and one step above top notch). On board this impeccable vessel you will find



everything—pools, shops, and lounges afloat, plus a casino, java bar, library and puzzle room, spa (with sauna, masseuse, and steam bath), beauty salon, movie heater, tennis courts, running track, and so much more. Whether it's day or night, the **Rotterdam VI** offers you endless entertainment and activities. And as for the sumptuous cuisine, well, it can

FANTASTIC EUROPEAN ITINERARY

LONDON is the departure point for the **Rotterdam VI**, which will visit:

OSLO, Norway's cosmopolitan capital and the citadel of all things Viking; **ÅRHUS**, Denmark's charming port and pit-stop to visit numerous sights, including Hans Christian Andersen's birthplace;

WARNERMÜNDE/BERLIN, where you can take our special tour to visit the historic sights (Checkpoint Charlie, the Wall Museum, the Brandenburg Gate, and so much more) of Germany's capital;

BORNHOLM, the popular Danish island famous for its glass, ceramics, and herring!;

STOCKHOLM, Sweden's capital, home to such glorious waterways that it's called the "Venice of the North";

HELSINKI, Finland's stunning capital, renowned for its gleaming art and shopping districts, your gateway to Lapland;

ST. PETERSBURG, the ancient home to the Czars where you'll find the Hermitage, the Winter Palace, and the spectacular Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul;

MUUGA/TALLIN, Estonia's capital and a tourist's paradise—museums abound in the most "intact" medieval city in Northern Europe; and

COPENHAGEN, the final port for this fantastic cruise, famous for its cobblestone streets and squares (why not stay an extra day or two in this walker's paradise?!).

be summed up in one delicious word: *wunderbar*!

Even better are the **Rotterdam's** staterooms—they are elegant and large, and some feature incredible extras

(there are many with big, private verandahs—but they're going *fast*!). And on the "Concierge Deck," where the **Rotterdam VI** sports 4 Penthouse Suites (each one some 1,126 square feet) and 36 Suites (565 square feet), there's the



exclusive "Neptune Lounge" (it features a library and a concierge office—with an officer dedicated to handling all your special

requests!). No matter which type of cabin you reserve, or in which restaurant you dine, or of what amenities you take advantage, you'll be overwhelmed by Holland America Line's service, style, attentiveness, and grace.

Prices for the **National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise**—your unique opportunity to enjoy a luxury vacation while celebrating the demise of the USSR with America's greatest Cold Warriors—start at only \$4,999 per person. (NR prices are a big savings off Holland America's "catalogue" rates, plus NR is paying for the special Berlin excursion and port fees, taxes, gratuities, and transfers—a combined \$825 per-person value!)

Join William F. Buckley Jr., Caspar Weinberger, Alexander Haig, William Clark, Richard Allen, Edwin Meese, James Buckley, Vernon Walters, John O'Sullivan, Rich Lowry, Sam Nunn, Kate O'Beirne, and Peter Rodman for the cruise of your life. Call today for your **National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise** Information Kit. It's **FREE**, and includes everything you'll need to know about this spectacular celebration. Call 1-800-548-2184 today, before the cabin of your choice is gone!

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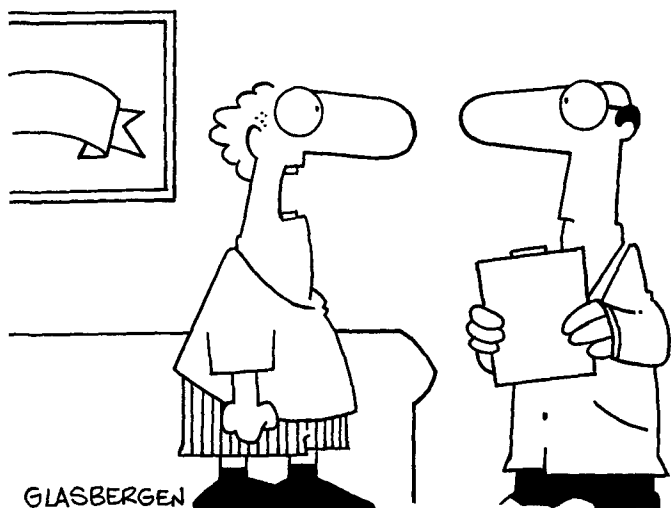


Mart—Rothco

"Monetary Union? Well ... er, it's when two currencies who love each other ... er ... join together ... um. Look, can't we talk about this when you're older?"

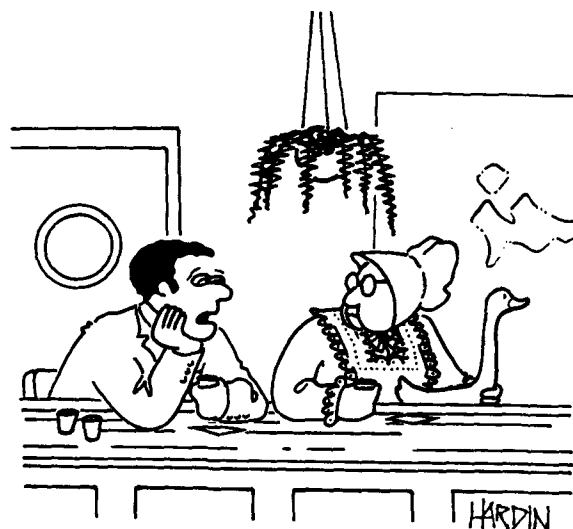


Schwapp



GLASBERGEN

"I'm learning how to relax, doctor—but I want to relax better and faster! I want to be on the cutting edge of relaxation!"



HARDIN

"You look like a lady with a story to tell."

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Status Quo

RICHARD LOWRY

A Man in Full, by Tom Wolfe (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 742 pp., \$28.95)

IF you always wanted to know what happens in a horse breeding barn—exactly how the mare is strapped down, and how she is aroused, and how the stud is maneuvered into place, and much more—you will find out in *A Man in Full* (it makes romance in the White House, by the way, look positively appetizing in comparison).

In a famous 1989 manifesto, Tom Wolfe took his scourge to contemporary novelists, trying to drive them out of the writing workshops and into the streets, to discover America, to report. In *A Man in Full*, Wolfe reports in lavish detail about such a range of human—and equestrian—activities that the effect is like one of those hyper-realistic paintings that makes you pause: Is it a painting or is it a photograph?

Is it a novel or is it journalism? Wolfe's prose is so rich and his sense of narrative pacing so perfect that the reader will gulp down chunks of this novel like a tired swimmer gasping for air. It moves. Or, as the punctuation-happy Wolfe might have put it back in the heyday of the "New Journalism," IT MOVES!!!!

This shouldn't be a surprise. For two decades, Wolfe proved himself one of journalism's most acute social observers, an electric writer with a jeweler's eye for detail and a bite every bit as dangerous as one of the rattlesnakes his new protagonist, Charlie Croker, keeps on his Georgia plantation. Then, in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, Wolfe wrote an exquisitely reported, acerbic satire of 1980s Manhattan that coasted on the *New York Times* best-seller list for 56 weeks.

Now, 11 years later, this—more than seven hundred pages of high-octane Wolfe. The setting has moved from New



Tom Wolfe
by Roman Genn

York to Atlanta, but all the well-established Wolfe themes are here: luxurious living, debt, PC posturing, race, and, above all, status. The bonfire of the vanities is still smoldering, only now the characters crawling over at each other like lobsters in a supermarket aquarium speak with Southern accents.

Charlie Croker is an aging, arrogant, Atlanta real-estate developer. His life of conquest and good-old-boy machismo is collapsing into an unmanageable bundle of worries: How to handle his demanding trophy wife? How to keep impressing friends at his outlandish plantation, complete with a 59-horse stable (with another foal on the way, if all goes well in the breeding barn)? And, most pressing of all, how to hold off the bank threatening his badly over-extended real-estate empire?

Around Croker, Wolfe creates an array of entertaining characters, including: Croker's weight-obsessed first wife huffing through aerobics classes, a sweet-natured 23-year-old father of two lugging 80-pound bags at a Croker warehouse in California, and a black lawyer, Roger White II, who is employed at one of Atlanta's top white firms and will meet Croker through the novel's central story line.

An All-American Georgia Tech run-

ning back, Fareek "The Cannon" Fanon, is accused of rape by the daughter of one of Atlanta's most prominent white businessmen, threatening the city's fragile racial harmony. The way Wolfe weaves in and out of his characters' lives and sweeps them toward a denouement involving all of them is masterful. If Wolfe were a baseball player, scouts would say he has "all the tools."

Oddly enough, this contributes to a minor weakness; the novel is too long. Sometimes it feels as if material is included simply because Wolfe can write anything well. Another weakness is the novel's similarity to *Bonfire*. Moving the action to Atlanta makes for a new setting, but Croker sometimes seems just Sherman McCoy with a plantation: a high-flying corporate type who has trouble living within his ample means.

Racial tension, of course, is another *Bonfire* theme. Elsewhere, Terry Teachout writes about what it means to be a conservative novelist (see page 53). One thing it certainly means in the 1990s is being free of liberal sentimentality about race. Wolfe takes full advantage of the freedom, giving us black characters who are—gasp!—hustlers or thugs or otherwise untouched by any gauzy, false nobility.

So, *A Man in Full* is similar to *Bonfire*. Is it better? Critics have rightly pointed out that Croker is more deeply etched than McCoy, who like other *Bonfire* characters seems a cut-out target for Wolfe's delicious malice. The reader is allowed into Croker's perspective—and that of other characters—enough to make them mildly sympathetic, despite all their pathetic, grasping flaws. Then there is Conrad the warehouse worker, a departure for Wolfe both as a working-class character and a nice guy.

And, yet, a criticism Joseph Epstein made of *Bonfire* still applies to *A Man in Full*. It is all status, all vanity, all compe-

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tition. Rarely does a moment pass in *A Man in Full* without a character comparing his status with everyone else's and jockeying for position. The unceasing calculation becomes dizzying. If this is all there is to the world, by all means, start the bonfire right away. Where are simple folly, joy, conviction, love?

Conrad often acts without guile. But he is tossed into an environment that is Wolfe's social world perfectly distilled—an Alameda County, California, jail. The jail scenes are vivid, terrifying, and altogether excellent. But they are most notable for how they mimic the outside: status is everything in a world boiled down to sheer male aggression and sexual predation. Even Conrad must bully and flex his forearms to survive in jail and to thrive in everyday life.

Conrad also introduces another new element into the Wolfe world—religious conviction. The role Conrad's religion plays in the novel is open to interpretation, but by the end Wolfe almost seems to regard it as crazy, as something that should be hauled away on Ken Kesey's bus. Religion's other entry in the book is a scene where Roger visits a ghetto church; it's an occasion for more sartorial and socioeconomic comparison, which brings us right back to status.

Why is Wolfe so obsessed with it? Well, it has always been one of his favorite subjects. But it is also in the air (or the Zeitgeist, as everyone puts it when writing about Wolfe). In a long piece in *Forbes* ASAP two years ago, Wolfe wrote about the "new Darwin," sociobiologist Edward O. Wilson, and trends in neuroscience that support Wilson's view that millennia of evolutionary competition have "hard-wired" us with selfish, Charlie Croker genes. Wolfe thinks that were he a student today he would find these hot new fields of research irresistible.

As it is, Wolfe is novelist as sociobiologist; the action in *A Man in Full* often isn't that different from the monkey-eat-monkey intrigue and sexual politics described in the recent sociobiological tract *Demonic Males*. There is something to be said for this—human nature is grubby and selfish. But it is not the whole story. A man in full? Tom Wolfe, now one of our most important novelists, has yet to make it clear he thinks such a thing exists.

NR

Inventing Us

HUGH KENNER

Shakespeare: The Invention of the Human, by Harold Bloom (Riverhead Books, 768 pp., \$35)

WHAT about that mysterious subtitle Harold Bloom has picked for himself? Yes, mysterious it remains. One charm of this book is its way of circling back to a theme that each visit amplifies and deepens but cannot wholly clarify. What is it, we're repeatedly asked to ponder, that sets Shakespeare so bafflingly beyond literary, not to say human, norms?

There's no novelty in that theme. "Others abide our question," wrote Matthew Arnold; but "thou art free." So begins a sonnet, "Shakespeare," which ends:

All pains th' immortal spirit must endure,

*All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.*

And here's Ben Jonson's "He was not of an age but for all time"; and look, Dryden, the herald of eighteenth-century rationalism, assigning to Shakespeare "the largest and most comprehensive soul" of "all modern, and perhaps ancient poets."

But the context of Bloom's book is late-twentieth-century academe, where the notion of identifying a sole victorious brow, or assessing the comprehensiveness of poets' souls, appears positively pre-structuralist and naïve. What, the with-it voice asks, is any professor's role but to exalt his turf to protect his greenkeeper's fees? (And as for Harold Bloom, doesn't he teach, ah, Shakespeare? Even begin his book by asserting that he's done little else for twenty years?) Nay, more, comes

Mr. Kenner will soon be retiring from his English professorship at the University of Georgia.

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a feminist cry: Shakespeare's Globe Theatre couldn't even begin to nurture women dramatists, being so bigoted it required even Cleopatra to be played by a squeaky-voiced boy.

Bloom perceives "ideologically imposed contextualization" as "the staple of our bad time." As a tenured Shakespearean, you begin by locating "some marginal bit of Renaissance social history" that seems to sustain some political stance of your own. Then, moving in upon the poor play, you find "some connection . . . between your supposed social fact and

■ 'Can we conceive of ourselves without Shakespeare?' ■

Shakespeare's words." Says Bloom: "It would cheer me to be persuaded that I am parodying the operations of the professors and directors of what I call 'Resentment'—those critics who value theory over the literature itself—but I have given a plain account of the going thing, whether in the classroom or on the stage."

Shakespeare used to get more respect, Bloom recalls. In 1928, anticipating and refuting "Wittgenstein's annoyed comment that life is not like Shakespeare," a writer named Owen Barfield detected "a very real sense, humiliating as it may seem, in which what we generally venture to call our feelings are really Shakespeare's 'meaning.'" So—get braced for a long quotation from Bloom:

Can we conceive of ourselves without Shakespeare? By "ourselves" I do not mean only actors, directors, teachers, critics, but also you and everyone you know. Our education, in the English-speaking world, but in many other nations as well, has been Shakespearean. Even now, when our education has faltered, and Shakespeare is battered and truncated by our fashionable ideologies, the ideologies themselves are caricatures of Shakespearean energies. Their supposed "politics" reflect the passions of his characters. . . . I myself would prefer them to be Machiavels and resenters on the Marlovian model of Barabas, Jew of Malta, but alas their actual ideological paradigms are Iago and Edmund.

Iago is the reducer of Othello to chaos; Edmund, "the coldest personage in all of Shakespeare" and the "point-for-point

negation" of King Lear. Such, Bloom is asserting, are our current mentors. Inventing the human, we may say, Shakespeare invented the inhuman also. For, yes, the negative implies—requires—the positive.

But 768 pages of hammering away at inhuman academics? No, fortunately, that is not at all what Bloom offers. Most of the book derives from Bloom's twenty-some years of teaching Shakespeare. In chronological order, from *The Comedy of Errors* (1593) clear to *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (1613), we are led through Shakespeare's canon, dwelling on play after play. This long central part seems not designed to be read through; it's the core of a cut-and-come-again book. Open it after you've seen, or read (or reread), a work of Shakespeare's; turn to what's pertinent, for you, tonight.

Yet Bloom somehow seems to hope for a straight-through reading. "In the book that follows," he's warning us before we turn to his Part I, he'll be demonstrating "the extent to which all of us were, to a shocking degree, pragmatically reinvented by Shakespeare." Does he demonstrate successfully?

Yes, so far has the Bard permeated our culture that we seem to meet anything he wrote as if we'd read it before, even when we first encounter it. At the same time, Hamlet, "the most aware and knowing figure ever conceived," always seems new-minted. "Hamlet is a Henry James who is also a swordsman, a philosopher in line to become a king, a prophet of a sensibility still out ahead of us, in an era to come." I quote that for the way it conjures up Henry James flashing a rapier. No, Shakespeare had no way to guess what he'd foreshadow. He did not "pragmatically reinvent" Henry James.

This is a book to acquire, and here is what to do once you've acquired it. Read up to page 17, the end of "Shakespeare's Universalism." Then browse. Finally, read from page 721 forward, while Bloom summarizes "The Shakespearean Difference" and offers what he calls "Foregrounding." Then put the book on your shelf, for dipping back ad-lib. That's an odd way of prescribing what is, yes, an odd book, but one driven by intelligence. **NR**

Hollow Men

ANDREW J. BACEVICH

The Color of Truth: McGeorge and William Bundy, Brothers in Arms, by Kai Bird (Simon & Schuster, 496 pp., \$27.50)

THE war in Vietnam was thought up and is being managed by the men John F. Kennedy brought to Washington." Thus did Daniel Patrick Moynihan, addressing a gathering of Americans for Democratic Action in September 1967, confront liberals with the embarrassing reality that they have labored ever since to dodge: the administration embodying the self-image of postwar liberalism gave birth to the greatest foreign-policy catastrophe in the history of the Republic. Subsequent efforts to portray Vietnam as "Johnson's war" or "Nixon's war" have failed to expunge that central fact. Kai Bird's impressively researched biography of McGeorge and William Bundy offers a fresh chance to explore the yawning gap between promise and performance in the Kennedy era.

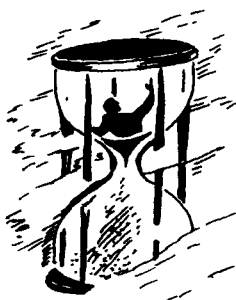
Bird, author of a well-received biography of John J. McCloy, pointedly advertises his own conventionally left-of-center sympathies. He opens the book by recounting his college-boy participation in anti-war demonstrations, undertaken when the U.S. role in Vietnam was all but over. He dismisses the entire Cold

War as contrived, unnecessary, and pointless. Above all, Bird broadcasts his disdain for conservatism and all its works. But these prejudices do not afford a coherent framework for coming to grips with his subjects.

Bird does offer a well-organized account of how the Bundys rose to the status of foreign-policy mandarins.

Rendered here with all the obsessive detail of one enthralled with the American elite, the Bundy story is a familiar one of inherited privilege providing a springboard to position and power in Washington. Bird lingers over the

Mr. Bacevich is professor of international relations at Boston University.



Bundys' comfortable upbringing as Boston Brahmins and their schooling at Groton and Yale. At the university, of course, the brothers were tapped for Skull and Bones. Bird details their service as junior officers in World War II, when family connections helped them secure sensitive assignments. After the war, they cultivated influential mentors—Henry Stimson, Walter Lippmann, and Felix Frankfurter, to name only a few. By 1953, McGeorge Bundy, age 34, was dean of Harvard College. Elder brother William was serving the government behind the scenes as an influential official with the CIA.

After the election of John Kennedy, William Bundy would occupy key posts in the Defense and State departments, where he became increasingly enmeshed in Vietnam policy. Kennedy lured McGeorge from Cambridge to serve as his national-security adviser. He finally left the White House in 1966 with the United States fully engaged in a war that both brothers doubted it could win.

When it came to Vietnam, the Bundys were reluctant warriors. As self-professed liberals of the "vital center," they agonized over the risks entailed in deeper American involvement. If in the end they put aside those doubts, it was, according to Bird, because the alternative posed still greater risks: turning the conduct of military affairs over to the generals who hankered to fight World War III and conceding the conduct of U.S. foreign policy to "the simple-minded anti-Communism of the right wing."

To avert that dire prospect, the Bundys and their compatriots adopted a strategy of ill-conceived pragmatism, wading progressively deeper into Southeast Asia. From behind their desks in Washington, D.C., they would manage the war, limit its fall-out, and devote all of their formidable creativity and cunning to the task of eventually finding a way out. The result was improvisation masquerading as strategy. This approach promised at best to defer the final day of reckoning. For this, tens of thousands died, nations were devastated, and the United States was all but torn apart.

Bird cannot quite bring himself to haul his protagonists into the dock for contributing to such an outcome. He prefers to cast the Bundys as well-intentioned and honorable victims of circumstance.

Theirs, he concludes, was a "peculiarly American tragedy." The Bundys struggled to keep at bay the forces of reaction and irrationality—all those people who actually believed Communism to be evil and who took seriously the crusading rhetoric of John Kennedy.

Yet for those less contemptuous of the views shared by most Americans at the time, the careers of William and McGeorge Bundy reveal the essence of the Kennedy era, stripped of the President's personal style. Among the men John Kennedy brought to Washington the absence of fixed principles became a hallmark of sophistication. Prizing flexibility and toughness above all, they flinched when confronting the really difficult issues—and then blamed others for the mess that their own hubris and fecklessness had created. To lay responsibility for their failure at the doorstep of a "conservative era," as Bird does, is genuinely bizarre. Kennedy's men held sway at the high-water mark of post-war liberalism. Blundering into Vietnam, they showed just how morally hollow the "vital center" had become.

NR

■ LITERATURE ■

Writing Right

TERRY TEACHOUT

FOR some goddamn reason," Henry Luce famously complained, "Republicans can't write." Elsewhere in this issue, Richard Lowry reviews Tom Wolfe's new novel, *A Man in Full* (page 50). Mr. Wolfe, as all the world knows, is a conservative, in all likelihood also a Republican. But does that make him a Conservative Literary Figure? Is there, in fact, any such thing?

Wolfe doesn't sign petitions, crank out op-eds, march in the streets or go on *Larry King Live* to joust with Lanny Davis. All he does is write. No one who knows anything about politics could read either of his two novels without realizing that their author sees the world through conservative eyes, but they aren't "polit-



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ical novels" in any obvious sense; though *A Man in Full* ends with a sermon of sorts, it is far from an uncomplicated avowal of right-wing faith.

Of course, the world is full of left-wing writers, if you define that phrase as the inverse of what Tom Wolfe is and does. Yet if you're talking about imaginative writers rather than journalists, then how many important conservative literary figures have there been in this century? (I don't have in mind writers who were persecuted by a totalitarian regime, like Solzhenitsyn, or who spoke out only rarely on public affairs, like the Fugitives.) T. S. Eliot and Rudyard Kipling,

Most of the major writers of the modern movement were at best indifferent to liberalism.

definitely. Evelyn Waugh and Kingsley Amis, perhaps: both men left behind a good-sized body of political journalism, though it seems partly to have been motivated by the need to make money. But after that the only name that comes readily to mind, at least in the English-speaking world, is Mark Helprin, a serious novelist who doubles as a columnist for the *Wall Street Journal*.

Why aren't there more writers on the right? The easy answer is that most artists, literary or otherwise, are liberals. Yet there is no dearth of greatly gifted contemporary novelists, Flannery O'Connor, V. S. Naipaul, James Gould Cozzens, Anthony Powell, and Patrick O'Brian among them, who have been essentially conservative, even though they rarely if ever wrote as polemicists. And the tradition in which they work stretches back far beyond the moment when conservatism emerged as an influential force in American life; indeed, most of the major writers of the modern movement, as Lionel Trilling was honest enough to admit, were at best indifferent to liberalism.

What, then, keeps these writers out of the arena? One answer is that as conserv-

Mr. Teachout, the music critic for *Commentary*, is a contributing writer for *Time* magazine. He is writing a biography of H. L. Mencken.

atives, they are by definition inclined to oppose the intrusion of politics—even their own—into the realm of art. As one of Kingsley Amis's characters remarks in *The Russian Girl*:

Everywhere in the world literature is in retreat from politics and unless resisted the one will crush the other. You don't crush literature from outside by killing writers or intimidating them or not letting them publish, though as we've all seen you can make a big fuss and have a lot of fun trying. You do better to induce them to destroy it themselves by inducing them to subordinate it to political purposes.

Even more to the point, conservatism is not an ideology but an anti-ideology, a philosophical bulwark against the psychotic ambitions of the great simplifiers who believe the whole world can be explained in terms of a single hidden truth. This is one of the things that makes real conservatism so poor a platform for political action: you can't fit its credo on a bumper sticker. But it is also one of the things that makes conservatives such good novelists. Instead of wanting to change the world, they are instinctively more interested in describing it—and therein lies the essence of novel-writing.

As has often been remarked, the traditional novel is by its nature a naturalistic enterprise. Its characters must somehow constitute what Dr. Johnson called "just representations of general nature"; otherwise we will disbelieve in them, and for that reason lose interest in them. What could be more anti-ideological? For it is the conservative who seeks above all to accept human nature as it is, knowing that in the absence of such acceptance, all human action ends, as Flannery O'Connor so memorably said, in "forced labor camps and in the fumes of the gas chamber."

I think this is part of what Tom Wolfe meant to suggest by calling his new novel *A Man in Full*: the conservative novelist draws full-length portraits of men as they are, not as he would wish them to be. Yet even though his books may contain, in Patrick O'Brian's nice phrase, "no wholly virtuous, ever-victorious, or necessarily immortal heroes," neither will they stink of moral relativism, for he also knows that the proliferating complexity of human nature is a function of man's imperfection, not life's meaninglessness.

It is his ability to acknowledge this imperfection that frees him from the crippling burden of romantic expectations. As V. S. Pritchett said of Sir Walter Scott:

He belongs to that very small group of our novelists—Fielding and Jane Austen are the chief of them—who face life squarely. They are grown up. They do not cry for the moon. I do not mean that to be grown up is the first requirement of genius. To be grown up may be fatal to it. But short of the great illuminating madness, there is a power to sustain, assure, and enlarge us in those novelists who are not driven back by life, who are not shattered by the discovery that it is a thing bounded by unsought limits, by interests as well as by hopes, and that it ripens under restriction. Such writers accept. They think that acceptance is the duty of a man.

It goes almost without saying that a novelist to whom such words apply will not be likely to load up his books with politically correct characters, join the PEN Club, or hoist a picket sign. Whatever his views on affirmative action or the impeachability of Bill Clinton, one will nevertheless find in his novels—precisely because they seek truly to represent the real world—the wellsprings of true conservatism. NR

■ RELIGION ■

Reluctant Converts

LINDA BRIDGES

HAD someone told Clive Staples Lewis in 1918 that eighty years thence the English-speaking world would be celebrating the centenary of his birth, he might just have been sufficiently full of himself to believe it. Where utter incredulity would have set in is if his informant had told him how he would become world-famous: as a Christian apologist, the Apostle to the Post-Christians.

The story has been told many times, first and best in Lewis's own memoir, *Surprised by Joy*: As a young man he was a devoted atheist. But through his reading, through his friendships, and above all

through a piercing sense of joy that drew him toward something he could not fathom, he was led, "the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England," to submit himself to God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Gradually his intellectual assent warmed into love, and he was moved to share the good news, in prose and verse, fiction and non-fiction.

Becoming one of the world's best-known and best-loved Christians is not the only way in which Jack Lewis's life failed to go according to plan. His dream was to become a major poet. In fact, he wrote verse all his life, technically superb but virtually unnoticed in the circles

■
**I *did* want Him to exist,
but feared that I was
coming to accept as real
a brilliant fiction.**
■

where poetic reputations are made. In his next ambition, to become a professional philosopher, he fared even worse. None of the Oxford colleges offered him a position, and so he was obliged to teach English literature instead. The final twist was Oxford's never offering him a professorship (a much rarer position than in this country). It remained for Oxford's rival, Cambridge, to make him Professor of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature in 1955, evoking his glorious introductory lecture, "*De Descriptione Temporum*."

During his Oxford years, Lewis produced the scholarly works *The Allegory of Love* (about the development of the courtly-love tradition in medieval Europe) and *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century*. Out of fashion in the modern academy, both of these works are well worth the time of serious readers. But Lewis also—to the disdain of many of his academic colleagues—produced fiction, all of it with a Christian intent, sometimes overt, often hidden. He would say of *The Chronicles of Narnia*, "My purpose was to slip this tale [of Our Lord's death and resurrection] past the watchful dragons" of the reader's self-consciousness. And he produced straightforward little books with titles like *Miracles*, *The Problem of Pain*, and *The Abolition of Man*

(this last about the mid twentieth century's turning away from an understanding of the good life that had been embraced by most civilized societies).

Lengthier explorations of Lewis's life and work will appear in two books out this fall from Spence Publishing: *C. S. Lewis: Memories and Reflections*, by John Lawlor, and *Branches to Heaven: The Geniuses of C. S. Lewis*, by James Como; last year saw the publication of the magisterial *C. S. Lewis: A Companion & Guide*, by Walter Hooper.

For the moment, however, I would like to offer myself as an exhibit, in much the same way (if incommensurables may be thus compared) as Lewis offered himself in "*De Descriptione*." Lewis was a specimen of Old Western Man. I am a specimen of Modern Post-Christian, now converted. As Lewis points out, a post-Christian is not a pagan:

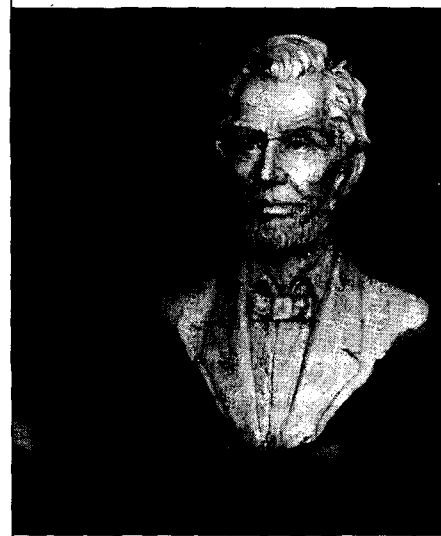
It is hard to have patience with those Jeremiahs, in Press or pulpit, who warn us that we are "relapsing into Paganism." . . . What lurks behind such idle prophecies, if they are anything but careless language, is the false idea that the historical process allows mere reversal; that Europe can come out of Christianity "by the same door as in she went" and find herself back where she was. It is not what happens. A post-Christian man is not a Pagan . . . The post-Christian is cut off from the Christian past and therefore doubly from the Pagan past.

I first ran into C. S. Lewis when I was an undergraduate at the University of Southern California. In researching some long-since-forgotten topic, I came across his *Experiment in Criticism* and found it captivating.

Then in 1969 I came to NR as the summer editorial assistant. My last week there, a letter came in from one Henry Noel wondering if fellow readers had any interest in forming a C. S. Lewis Society. The letter was duly printed in "Notes & Asides," and a couple of years later, having returned to NR, I answered a letter from a tough-minded New England lady named Hope Kirkpatrick, who identified herself as "Secretary, New York C. S. Lewis Society." She invited me to a meeting; I enjoyed the company and became a member.

But I still avoided Lewis's explicitly religious works, concentrating instead on the literary side of his output, including what to my mind is his truly great novel,

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Till We Have Faces. This work has as its theme pride, forgiveness, and redemption, but in form it is a modern novel and hence (for I had been brought up on Forster and Conrad and Ford Madox Ford) accessible to me—able to slip past my watchful dragons.

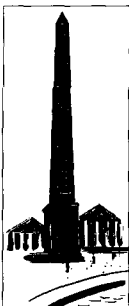
My problem was very different from the young Lewis's. He did not want God to exist, God Who, as Lewis once put it, was "prepared to torture me forever and ever if I should fail in coming up to an almost impossible ideal." I *did* want Him to exist, but feared that I was coming to accept as real a brilliant fiction. Of course, if I had dared to plunge into the Gospels I would have seen that that view of Jesus Christ is unsustainable. No one writing a fiction would have written it that way, with a central character at once so solid and so elusive. A breakthrough on this front came not thanks to any theologian or apologist but to the actor Alec McCowen: admiring his other work I went to his public readings of the Gospel According to St. Mark and was astonished by the urgency and down-to-earthness of the story.

And so I muddled along, accepting with greater frequency friends' invitations to join them at Mass, until gradually I realized that as I joined in saying the Creed I was assenting to more and more of it. But by that time I had absorbed enough (not least from Lewis) to know that giving assent was not sufficient; there had to be a sacramental ratification of the assent, and that meant finding a parish. It was Holy Week 1995 at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in Manhattan that I finally surrendered.

And so it was less as a guide along the road than as a seal of acceptance that, as I walked across town to my office from St. Mary's, having arranged to receive the sacrament of Holy Baptism, I popped into the Logos bookstore and picked up *Reflections on the Psalms*. I read it twice through that summer. Next came *The Four Loves*. I'm glad I hadn't read them earlier. I might have found a passage like this excessive:

God, who needs nothing, loves into existence wholly superfluous creatures in order that He may love and perfect them. He creates the universe, already foreseeing—or should we say "seeing"? there are no tenses in God—the

buzzing cloud of flies about the cross, the flayed back pressed against the uneven stake, the nails driven through the mesial nerves, the repeated incipient suffocation as the body droops, the repeated torture of back and arms as it is time after time, for breath's sake, hitched up.



But of course I was wrong about those books' being less a guide than a seal. The baptismal font was in one sense a destination, but it was more importantly a gateway to the next stage of the journey into God's love. And once I was able to read Lewis against the background of Scripture—in which virtually everyone in Western society would have been raised until a couple of generations ago—I found that he helps connect it to our own day. And that role, which the twenty-year-old Lewis would never have predicted for himself, is the principal one that the self-styled dinosaur of "*De Descriptione*" had come to embrace as his own. NR

■ CITY DESK ■

Ask, Don't Tell

RICHARD BROOKHISER

RECENTLY I bought some raffle tickets from a friend, and found that I won a prize: a T-shirt, a pair of jeans, and a bathing suit from Tom of Finland.

The address of the store on the certificate was in the East Village, a neighborhood of boutique owners, bohemians, and bums, who coexist with swarms of Puerto Ricans and a few stolid Ukrainians. Tom of Finland appeared to belong to Category One, but when I went one Sunday to claim my winnings I found myself buzzing an apartment in a generic tenement walk-up. The merchant, whose residence it was, sported a shaved head and tattooed biceps; his parlor was painted in black and silver, and furnished in black leather. He explained that the company, based in Texas, had not yet found a retail space in

the city, but he had their catalogue, and some samples which I could inspect. The best prize I picked out was the jeans, though they are on the snug side: when I got home, I found I couldn't wear them and sit at the same time. But they are well-tailored, and I would recommend them to anyone who is not overly fond of breathing. The T-shirt, huge arm and neck holes connected by white ribbed cotton, is good for hard sweating, though you'll have to stick your "Hi! I'm —" tag elsewhere. The swimsuits offered slim pickings. One had metal gromets in the waist band; another had a sailor's head stencilled on the cheek. The most conservative was a black and white striped

How many heterosexuals know what 'every' homosexual knows?

number with a lace-up front, though I won't be wearing it on the next NR cruise.

My host was not named Tom, and his wares had no obvious kinship with Sibelius, so as I left I asked if Tom of Finland was a real person. I was told that Tom was an artist who had died a few years ago, whose name the company had licensed. He had created the macho/leather look, the entrepreneur went on, and gave me a print of one of his pictures to look at. It showed a forest of boots, in pencil and chalk, with black shades and white highlights; among them lay the tree—a prone young man, looking past a heel, at the viewer.

There were two interesting things about Tom's world. One was the images themselves. Fashions in gay desire seem not to have changed much over the centuries. At the Abbey of Monte Oliveto Maggiore in Tuscany, the frescoes of the life of St. Benedict by Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, better known as Il Sodoma, feature bit players with exactly the same glutes. On the other hand, Il Sodoma, a true Renaissance man, fathered thirty children. Modernity brings specialization. The straight equivalent of Tom's work, in terms of the atmosphere of dumb compliance, would be the Vargas Girl who graced the old *Esquire*.



But more than the gender is different. Vargas's props are satin and silk. Tom's are leather. The Vargas girl floats, with her telephone or her vanilla sundae, in a void. The Tom boy is in a crowd or a clench. Vargas's dreams are squeezable. Tom's are beatupable. Vargas echoed cheesecake on the fuselage of a B-25. Tom is beefcake for the SS.

My wife reported my little expedition, as if it were news, to a gay psychoanalyst friend, and he said somewhat bitterly, "Every gay man knows Tom of Finland." (He was bitter about their knowledge, not our ignorance.) Tom's ubiquity, combined with his invisibility, is the second surprise. New York is, with San Francisco, the co-capital of American gayness. A recent article put the gay vote here at 7.9 per cent of the electorate. Moreover it is the Gay Moment in American culture, gays having replaced Jews as the yackety ubiquitous Other even as Jews once replaced the Irish. From George M. Cohan to Saul Bellow to Paul Rudnick, in ninety years. Yet with all that, how many heterosexuals know what "every" homosexual knows? Sidney Hook once asked a friend, in deepest confidence, "What do homosexuals do?" Well, we can have Rainbow Curriculums until the cows come home, and a 24-hour Oprah channel, and though we may indeed learn what everyone does, we will never have a clue about what they dream. It is the last closet, the unopened door of Bluebeard's castle.

We are probably better off not discussing it. If we did, the business of daily life—commerce, dinner parties, cashing raffle tickets—would be frozen to immobility by the specter of alien desires. Hypocrisy is the chaperone of civility. Still, it would be worthwhile to understand, in a general way, what Tom's world means for its residents. There are continents of straight sexual violence, symbolic and real, stretching from *Hustler* on out to police court. But while "normal" straight naughtiness is incarnated by Vargas's creation, the "normal" gay spectrum starts with invitations to be stepped on. A gay polemicist will say it wasn't gays who left a dead man on a fence in Wyoming. But I am asking, what do gay men do to themselves, every day, and why?

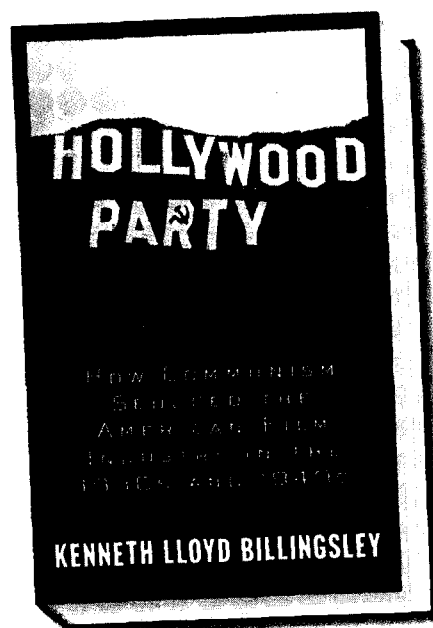
I'm not particularly anxious to know the answer. Ask, don't tell.

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■ ART ■

Altogether Rothko

JAMES GARDNER

ON seeing a retrospective of Turner, the nineteenth-century British painter, Mark Rothko said something quite funny: "That chap Turner," he declared, "learned a lot from me." The comment is interesting for two reasons. First, it proves that Rothko had a sense of humor, something no one would ever suspect from looking at his art. And then it recalls something Turner himself said of his own paintings: "Keep them together . . . What's the use of them but together?"

Now over a hundred of Rothko's paintings are together at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art, and the effect is a little strange. The problem is not the usual one in retrospectives of this sort, namely a dispiriting unevenness in the works, though there is something of that as well. Rather it is the clashing cacophony of colors that results from throwing all these works together in the Whitney's hangar-like spaces. It is the visual equivalent of an explosion in a perfume factory, with all the rare essences spilling promiscuously into one another, when each was meant to be experienced in hieratic isolation.

That there should be something hieratic, even sacral, about these paintings is one of the unquestioned assumptions of contemporary art writing. Everyone from Orpheus to the German Romantics to Martin Buber is seen to presage the works of Mark Rothko. Even Hilton Kramer, never one for mystical schwärmerei, can't resist getting into the act when he says of these paintings that "color itself [is] the vessel of magic." Such, then, is the Rothko who, lying permanently in beribboned state, has been delivered up to the adoration of subsequent generations. De Kooning, Barnett

Newman, even Pollock might abide our questions. But Rothko, in his giggleless profundity, is the one incorruptible, if flawed, titan. Even his violent suicide in 1970 is seen as evidence of his unyielding, gruesome integrity.

Like so many members of the New York School, he was a late bloomer. He was 46 before he began those layered chromatic experiments that are now seen as "classic Rothko." Like so many of his fellow Abstract Expressionists, and quite unlike his great European predecessors, Rothko, the great Rothko, seems to have come out of nowhere. You will find here none of those preambular Rose and Blue periods that paved the way to analytic cubism. Had Rothko died in 1948, he would have been almost ten years older than Raphael, Caravaggio, and Watteau

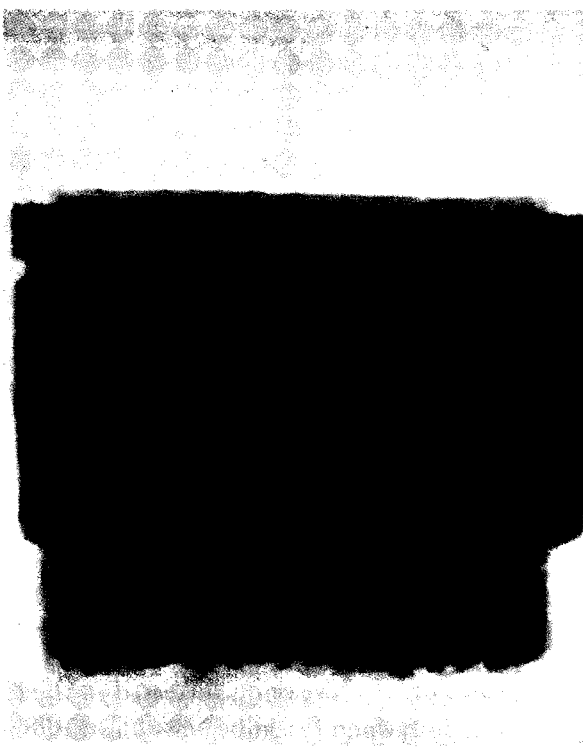
anything in the work of Reginald Marsh and his ilk. By the early Forties, he enters the obligatory Picassoid phase. Here are all those ethereal archetypes—satyrs and stick men and upturned profiles saying something about the human condition—that American artists of the day went in for in a big way. Rothko's versions carry conviction less by their esthetic success than by that morbid sincerity with which he endowed everything he ever did. These yielded in turn to some fairly distinguished exercises in calligraphic, biomorphic abstraction à la Gorky and Miró, and then to several impressively handled abstract compositions clearly influenced by the works of Hans Hoffmann, though perhaps a little better.

Something about these paintings seems almost suffocatingly pre-war: they are fussily backward-looking in their fixation on the dying European avant garde, glimpsed though the dreary black-and-white illustrations of *Arts Magazine*. But when we look at even the first of the layered paintings, most of them untitled, we feel that we are suddenly, and yet categorically, in another, newer world. They have about them a smell of post-war contemporaneity, as American as tarmac and Tupperware and Pontiacs.

Quite aside from the ultimate merit of these works, which is high by any reasonable calculation, one is left with an almost overpowering sense of being in proximity to something throbbingly real and important. Describing them individually, however, is a lost cause: each consists of between two and four rectangles and sometimes squares varying in height and stacked one atop the other. The

rest is color.

Rothko is not infallible. If you go to the Whitney looking for what we might call the "Rothko effect," that sense of standing before a wall of numinous profundity, you may well be surprised and perhaps a little dismayed at how often these works fall just short. But then you turn a corner and come face to face with one of those chromatic harmonies that almost overwhelm you with their sheer presence. They do not speak to you: you are overhearing them. With unanticipated



Mark Rothko (1903-1970). *Untitled*, 1949

when they died, and he wouldn't merit so much as a mention in any book of art history. By 1949, when he finally hit his stride, he was one of the most important painters alive.

Rothko's earlier work is not bad, only a little undistinguished. He began, like everyone else, as a representational artist, bringing a Matissean indeterminacy to his "American Scene" subjects, like his deft subway paintings of 1938. Even in these, however, it is quite obvious that he harbors pictorial ambitions far beyond

ed humility, they do not represent any wide diapason of human experience, as is sometimes thought. Rather they possess a single modality of slightly subdued sadness, qualified by an occasional gash of gold or white to suggest, if not hope or joy, then the possibility of hope or joy.

Doubtless Rothko, with his universalizing ambitions, aspired to something timeless in these later works. Yet they are, in one important sense, dated. Theirs is the ancientness of a style in eclipse. No painter working in this ironic decade of ours will hazard the awesome honesty that was Rothko's hallmark three decades ago. His smoldering, emberous canvases seem, for the time being at least, as ancient as an imploded star.

NR

■ FILM ■

Ghost of a Chance

JOHN SIMON

AT a PEN conference years ago, Toni Morrison complimented me on my Italian overcoat. This alerted me to her sartorial acuity but did not elicit regard for her scriptorial acumen. In fact, her Nobel Prize for Literature made me wonder whether the members of the Nobel committee were perhaps more readily dazzled by praise for their wardrobe. But from close observation of Scandinavian literary outerwear, I concluded that her award must have been based on some other kind of blindness.

I have not read Miss Morrison's *Beloved*, but having seen the movie that I'm informed follows her book faithfully, I'm prepared to give it even wider berth. It is the story of Sethe, who at the end of the Civil War escapes from Kentuckian slavery but kills her daughter, Beloved, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the slavemasters who raped, flogged, and murdered, and even wantonly squirted black mothers' milk into their own mouths to prevent slave babies from being suckled.

But Sethe does not get around to

killing her two sons or her unborn daughter, Denver, stopped as she is in Medea's res. Pregnant, she manages to flee to Ohio. As the film opens, her by now grown sons decamp for good, for reasons that, like so much else in the movie, are unclear. But unlike so much else, their reason does become clear: the ramshackle house on the outskirts of Cincinnati has been haunted for years by a poltergeist that hurls dogs clear across the room and tirelessly breaks the crockery.

Sethe's household economics, like many another's here, cannot be decoded, but she surely cannot afford such depredations on her dinnerware and her sleep. Yet she and Denver remain put. In 1875, a black-clad young woman rises from the river and staggers into Sethe's home. She speaks in a hideous croak derived from *The Exorcist*, which I'm still trying to figure out where she could have seen. Later, the croak changes into a childish falsetto, suggesting that she died early. She gives her name as Beloved. This puzzles Sethe, especially since the girl says she came on foot, yet her shoes and tootsies are in mint condition. As Beloved was scarcely a name popular among slaves (or, I sincerely hope, anyone else), it shows a certain inability on Sethe's part to put two and two—or even one and one—together. Only much later does a long cicatrice on the girl's throat clue her mother in.

Oh yes, quite a bit earlier Sethe's household was enriched by the coming of Paul D., who, despite his monicker, was not a rapper *avant la lettre* but another escaped slave and a friend of Sethe's late husband who spent 18 wanderyears tracking the woman down. You'd think that such detective work would either take much less time or be wholly impossible, but in *Beloved* the natural is as illog-

■
**In *Beloved*
the natural is as illogical
as the supernatural.**
■

ical as the supernatural. Why, for instance, would a poltergeist wait a decade to materialize, and then ascend from the waters as a sort of mermaid in mourning? Beloved claims to have come out of a yearning to reunite with Sethe

Continues on page 61

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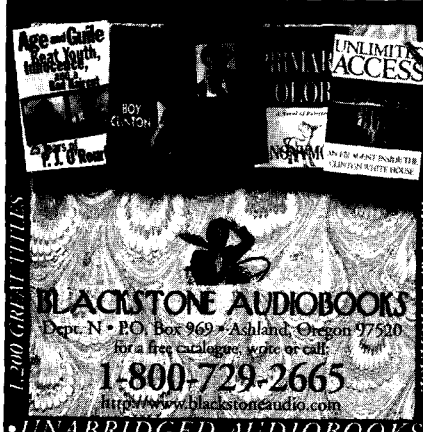
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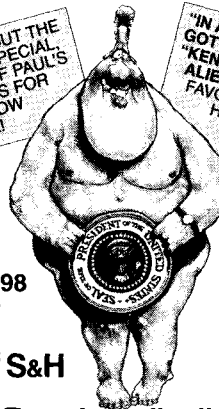
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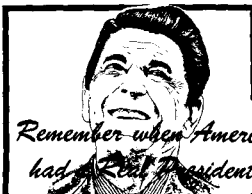
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SIMON

(Continued from page 59)

and yet seems to prefer Denver's company, but then, I suppose love-hate for a mother who murdered you might elicit some ambivalence even in a revenant. In any case, the materialized Beloved is not a whit less destructive than the former invisible one. She even manages to rape Paul D., her mother's devoted lover, if I follow things correctly despite the filmmakers' concerted efforts to make following well-nigh beyond one's reach.

Jonathan Demme's film uses any number of ingenious devices to facilitate non-communication, perhaps out of the altruistic motive of forcing viewers to buy the book. There are the frequent near-subliminal flashbacks to the horrible past that convey spicy brutality, but leave one otherwise confused. There are scenes in the present so vague and brief as to evade apprehending. There are frequent scenes in such extreme closeup—usually, but not always, of feet—as to seriously impede comprehension. And there are countless non sequiturs in human (never mind ghostly) behavior, especially as to when, where, and how something hap-

pens, notably certain departures and returns of principal characters. Thus Denver knows exactly when her future employer will come to fetch her in his carriage, though nothing has been agreed on beforehand—unless perhaps by invisible telephone.

And, of course, he turns up just as a chorus of thirty-odd women, with Carnegie Hall precision, are chanting an exorcism for Beloved, who displays herself naked and pregnant to the concertizing ladies. Succubas do not as a rule conceive, but this one is gibbous as all get-out, and promptly does get out, leaving behind only the lovely quilt of Sethe's mother-in-law, the charismatic preacher Baby Suggs (a quizzical name for a crone), which Beloved, in a farewell gesture, vandalizes.

After that, Sethe, instead of evincing appropriate relief, sickens incurably and takes to her bed. This is precisely when Denver chooses to take on both afternoon and evening jobs, leaving her mother unattended, were it not that Paul D. preposterously resurfaces just then, with providentially free afternoons and nights for the tending of Sethe, whom he previously abandoned.

Stories of the supernatural may march to a different logic, but some kind of consistency is still indicated. It may just be possible to play tennis without a net, but dispensing also with rackets puts an undue burden even on

ghosts, to say nothing of audiences. This near-three-hour obstacle race is hand-somely shot by Tak Fujimoto, though the grandly artistic effects with differing color saturation within the same frame, indeterminacy of focus, skewed camera angles, etc., manage also to contribute their share of opacity to the goings-on. And Demme's direction, hell-bent on effects, lets the affects go begging. Oprah Winfrey, our first black billionaire, promptly acquired the movie rights on publication 11 years ago, and has tirelessly striven to bring the novel to the screen, which, with help from the even

better-heeled Disney folk, she finally achieved.

Not one to keep her light under a bushel, Oprah stars herself as Sethe. Reviewers have been sharply divided over her performance, which strikes me as sufficient unto the day. Kimberly Elise is fine as Denver, and the irresistible Thandie Newton enchants as Beloved, despite table manners to make Laughton's Henry VIII blush. Once as highly evolved as Beloved, even protoplasms might practice a little prandial protocol. Danny Glover is a likable Paul D., in a performance not a drop de trop. Beah Richards is rousing in Baby Suggs's preaching scenes, and any number of other worthy actors toil to succor the needy screenplay by Akosua Busia, Richard LaGravenese, and Adam Brooks—all in vain.

Most saddening is the excellent Rachel Portman's music, which epitomizes the desperation of this venture. It goes from chor-ic quasi-spirituals to angelic choirs, from pseudo-African tribal drumming to cutting-edge cacophony plus unearthly horror-movie noises, yet even so, alas, only very infrequently succeeds in diverting our attention from the rest of the movie.

■ One of the trio of *Beloved's* screenwriters, Adam Brooks, was also, with Robin Swicord and the insufferable Akiva Goldsman, one of the scenarists on *Practical*

Magic, perhaps implying that the inanities of a major ghost picture cannot be tackled by anything less than an unholy trinity. This film is so crassly stupid and all-around abject that I will mention only its one asset, the presence of the talented and seductive Sandra Bullock and Nicole Kidman, playing sister witches. Miss Kidman, under all possible and impossible circumstances, always remains bare-legged and barefoot. Given the quality of those limbs and extremities, we may grant the movie one additional asset. But there, with Miss Kidman's toes, the good news ends. **NR**



WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Missing Technology: Statesmanship

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23

THE sense of terrible dangers just over the horizon is felt and transmitted to a rather sleepy people by fuglemen on several fronts. On Friday it was A. M. Rosenthal of the *New York Times*, surveying the astonishingly successful evasions of Saddam Hussein in his campaign to outwit the U.S. on the matter of his development of weapons of mass destruction. *The New Republic* also zeroes in on Iraq and speaks of the development there of "implosion devices." These are denatured atomic bombs—"merely add enriched uranium." And with some sweep Frank Gaffney, director of the Center for Security Policy in Washington, surveys for *Commentary* the world scene in the matter of biological and chemical weapons.

His findings on that front can, without too much danger of over-simplification, be reduced to postage-stamp size bulletins: Chemical-weapon concentrations and chemical-weapon technology exist and are encouraged and are for sale to other countries. Russia has forty thousand agent tons and flourishing research on the whole question. China has the stuff. So does Iran, so does Iraq, so does North Korea. Moreover, according to the Department of Defense, "Pyongyang is currently capable of producing large quantities of nerve, blister, and blood chemical-warfare agents." The South Korean military had reported that the North has amassed "a one thousand-ton stockpile—seventy tons of which could be used immediately upon South Korean population centers." Mr. Gaffney adds, "Given Pyongyang's willingness to sell virtually everything in its inventory, it also seems likely that North Korea will offer for sale the chemical (and, perhaps, biological) weapons that go aboard the missiles it is now making available to countries like Iran, Syria, and Pakistan."

Mr. Gaffney thinks that the idea, begun by President Bush and consummated by President Clinton to eliminate chemical weapons, was simply a mistake, less because we need our little deposit of chemical weapons than because the treaty encourages deception. This is so because quite generally acceptable chemical technology can be transformed quickly to generate not medicines, but poisons. Our bombing in August of the Al-Shifa chemical plant in

Khartoum awakens us to the inherent problems of regulating the terms of the Chemical Weapons Convention: a) the world was not entirely persuaded that the Al-Shifa plant was engaged in chemical-weapon production; b) our own analysts seem equivocal in their analysis of the question; c) the very idea of sending missiles here and there against isolated chemical manufacturers strains the accepted ration of superpower perks; and d) it becomes increasingly clear that that much of world opinion that is transacted by formal agencies of international organizations, like the UN, pulls further and further away from encouraging U.S. assertion of authority to do that kind of thing.

Nothing is clearer than this from the retreat of the UN on the matter of Iraq. The often-cited UNSCOM (United Nations Special Commission) bounces about Iraq with less and less credibility as a reliable investigator of the compliance of Iraq with the terms of the cease-fire. And we have the burgeoning paradox: the wilier Saddam Hussein gets in evading tough investigation, the weaker the sentiment within the UN to maintain the economic embargo. What appears predictable is that the day after tomorrow, Iraq will proceed relatively unmolested with whatever it chooses to do.

Which leaves us of course with the matter of conventional deterrence. Frank Gaffney believes that the 1925 Geneva Convention remains the strongest weapon in the arsenal of deterrence. What it did was proscribe not the manufacture of chemical weapons, but the first use of them. Any country that actually deploys chemical weapons can pretty reliably be detected as having done so. If "mechanisms [are] in place to ensure that violators faced real and substantial costs, some CW attacks might thereby be prevented."

But what shines through it all is the failure of what one might call the technology of statesmanship to come forward with a strategy. Last February, *The New Republic*

reminds us, President Clinton was at the brink of a showdown with Saddam Hussein, and he needed to spell the problem out very lucidly to his military. As so often is the case, Mr. Clinton framed the question well. He said, "Let's imagine the future. What if [Saddam] fails to comply and we fail to act? . . . Well, he will conclude that the international community has lost its will. He will then conclude that he can go right on and do more to build an arsenal of devastating destruction."

So? So what then?

"And some day, some way, I guarantee you he'll use the arsenal."

That's how Mr. Clinton has left it, and that's how we sit at this moment.

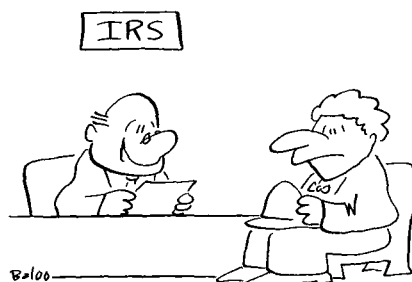
Did We Need To Know It Was Easter Sunday?

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13

ANDREW Sullivan, writing for the *Sunday New York Times Magazine*, makes a splashy case against some modern conservatives not here our concern. But he does touch on a point that burrs in the conscience. "I can't remember now at which point during the Starr report I stopped reading. Maybe it was the sudden prim reminder that 'the President's wife' was out of the country during one of President Clinton's hallway trysts. . . . Or the inclusion of the date for one of the President's liaisons: Easter Sunday. Or any one of the points when it simply became obvious that the narrative, compelling and lucid as it was, seemed to be building a case not so much for the President's public, legal impropriety but for a private, moral iniquity."

The affront had got to me too, though in the other direction, i.e., Clinton the Christian as provocateur. Clinton the ostentatious Christian. Clinton the telegenic Christian. A few weeks after the August 17th ordeal, when Clinton gave his grand-jury testimony in the White House and later his four-minute hate-Starr bite, he was seen by a watching world on television not only leaving church, but leaving it arm entwined in his wife's, prayer book in hand.

It was especially hard for those who believe in Christian sacramental institutions, prominent among them penitence, to criticize Christian displaymanship. Is it uncharitable, in such a situation, to ask oneself: Did Dick Morris, or James Carville,



"No dependents, no deductions, no credits . . . it doesn't get any better than this!"

or maybe even David Kendall, say to him: "Be sure to go to church this coming Sunday because, well—"

"Because the semen on the dress was yours, stupid."

"Awright, Hillary. We don't have to go over that again." The President nods at his scheduler. "Eleven o'clock service, Foundry United Methodist Church."

That is one view of it but proffered with trepidation. It is after all entirely possible that Bill Clinton has truly repented and Scripture tells us that Christ will forgive the sinner seventy times seven.

Moreover, in attempting to reason persuasively whether contrition is genuine, one takes the surrounding facts into account. If a thief is caught with hot goods in hand, his repentance is at least convincingly genuine at one level: He is sorry he was caught. But it is also possible that his being caught made him genuinely sorry that he had taken up stealing as a profession, and now his contrition before the judge is genuine. Like the drunkard whose car runs over a child and now genuinely deplores his habit. It is not unreasonable that Bill Clinton rues the surfeit of testosterone in his system, and his capacity, only episodic, to control himself.

All of which meant that when he walked out of the church that morning, in his heart he was truly contrite. But we reflect then on the words of Christ, according to St. Matthew. "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly."

Those are searing words that drive home the point. It is the basic moral architecture of philanthropy: Do what you can for others without ostentation. Yes, sometimes the gift must be public, to register your compliance with a civic resolution, or to challenge others to fill a quota.

But even as contrition is an entirely private affair, shared only with your priest or minister or rabbi, benefactions—alms—are best done in private. But this whole protective tent cannot easily shelter a President of the United States whose attendance at a church service becomes a public event.

Does the prosecutor properly point out the piquancies? That it was after a church service on Easter Sunday that Bill Clinton had sex with Monica Lewinsky? Was the jury made aware, in Florida, that the night Senator Teddy Kennedy led his nephew out to disport at the bar, from which he went to the beach to seduce/rape his date, was Good Friday?

Andrew Sullivan has a point of order, and it would be interesting to hear Kenneth Starr comment on the matter: Why, Mr.

Starr, did you find it relevant to remind the reader that the day of that particular tryst was Easter Sunday and that the President had attended church before going on to sex with his intern? If you were merely tracing his movements on that day, could you not have left it that the President went from the White House, to church, to the couch with Monica? Is that rendering too Apollonian for your palette? Did you have to stick in "Easter" especially to antagonize the congregation?

Andrew Sullivan scores here.

Pinochet? Why Him?

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20

AS a technical matter there is a lot that is agreeable about arresting a criminal wherever he runs out of cover, and making him answer for his crimes. It was widely thought pointless to proceed with the investigations by the World Court given the unlikelihood that the defendants would ever appear before a tribunal, let alone stand by a gibbet. Peter Galbraith, formerly U.S. ambassador to Croatia, remarked a year ago that General Milosevic is distinctly aware of the impediments attached to his situation. He can't leave the country; and even within his own country he needs to take special care because bounty-hunters, whether moved by money or blood passion, might swoop down on him—as happened to Adolph Eichmann—and whisk him off to The Hague.

But the General Pinochet business really burns us conservatives up. The reason being that it is, above all things, an act of ideological malice.

Ask the most relevant questions:

—Was this an obvious application of acknowledged international responsibility? No. If it were so, why wasn't Pinochet arrested on one of his other trips to the U.K., where he has frequently visited? What makes it the right thing for the Blair government to do if the Major government did not do it? If it was obvious that Pinochet should have been detained, why was not Major criticized for failing to do so?

—If Pinochet's diplomatic passport was invalid, on the grounds that he was engaged, in England, on private business (his health), then why was he admitted into England under that passport? Does this not get to sound like an ambush?

—Is it really the case that countries that support the World Court are going to start internegating passersby when a claim is filed that they were in positions of power when one or more civilians were imprisoned or executed?

That is quite an idea. Which will be the

first country to nab Gorbachev? He was in power for six years during which how many Afghans were killed, to say nothing of Russians and others who got in the way of the KGB?

Fidel Castro presumably has a diplomatic passport, but what about the sundry ex-Castro officials who served in positions of power and seem to wander about the globe without any problem? Che Guevara was one of those.

Has anyone begun to count the East Germans, who enforced the rule of Moscow with such accouterments as a Berlin Wall, machine guns, razor wire, gas, grenades, and wild dogs—where are all those people? Is it sheer luck that they haven't had to go to London for treatment for their backs?

And then, respecting Pinochet himself, there are the qualifiers.

—Pinochet took power in September 1973, against a president who was defiling the Chilean constitution and waving proudly the banner of his friend and idol, Fidel Castro. Across the Andes there was civil rage as revolutionaries and left activists sought power and engaged in terrorism. Pinochet fought back. It is charged that three thousand people lost their lives. It is worth reflecting on the great cost of civil wars. Our own resulted in approximately 700,000 casualties. In order to avoid civil war, extreme actions are taken. Did Pinochet give off the flavor of a sadist? A thoughtless, indifferent executioner? Are we quite certain that the job that needed doing could have been done by a few MIT technicians, with less bloodshed?

—Does it matter to the British government that Pinochet put Chile to the use of the British in the Falklands War? This act, considered fratricidal by many Latin Americans, was critically helpful to the British.

—Pinochet gradually diminished his own power, gave over the government to voters chastened after their experience with Salvador Allende. He served as chief of the army for as long as he thought a watchful eye was needed and inasmuch as he gave up that office for a permanent senatorial seat, isn't it reasonable to conclude that his judgment was relatively free of vainglory?

—And, finally: Since we are engaged in slowly putting into place the machinery to exact justice for crimes against humanity, does it really make sense, as a human matter, to start in on a retired 82-year-old general in London to see his doctor?

Yes, and to send him to Spain to be tried. Every Spaniard with a sense of history should be giving thanks every day for having had an Augusto Pinochet in his past.

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FLORENCE KING

IT happened again. The same thing that happened with *Braveheart*, the same thing that always happens when I try to escape into a movie. As usual, I drew a red circle around the TV listing and looked forward to it all week. When the big moment came I turned off the phone, got my coffee and cigarettes, and arranged my new Chinese neck pillow (*1,000 Pillows Catalogue*). I was ready for lift-off but *Masterpiece Theatre's* adaptation of *Wuthering Heights* was Mission Impossible.

It was introduced by Russell Baker, who announced with solemn pride that while other film versions covered only the first 17 chapters of the book and ended with Cathy's death, this one was filmed "the way Emily Brontë wrote it." That could mean only one thing: they had tackled the part in which Brontë got so carried away with soul-mingling that she created a second generation of characters and gave them names almost indistinguishable from the first.

The heroine of the Gen-Xers is Cathy Linton, daughter of Cathy Earnshaw and Edgar Linton. It would help to call her "Little Cathy" but we are not in Alabama. She marries her first cousin Linton Heathcliff, son of Heathcliff and her Aunt Isabella Linton, but he soon dies and she comes under the gaze of her other first cousin, Hareton Earnshaw, son of her Aunt Cathy's brother Hindley Earnshaw.

No seasoned writer would do this but Brontë was a one-book genius. Structurally, *Wuthering Heights* is a crick without a pillow that needs the services of an Old Hollywood story conference where some supposedly insensitive philistine growls "Enough already! Get rid of the kids."

I didn't recognize any names or faces in the all-English cast and have no idea who played whom, nor do I care. The only memorable thing about them was their ordinariness. Everyone seemed to have wandered in from Tony Blair's England, always emoting but never convincing, their fine Yorkshire madness flattened into the eurodollar of neurosis.

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The well-bred Edgar Linton, tragically uncomprehending of Cathy's need for savagery, is presented merely as a polite coward. The wretched Hareton, who has been reduced to an animal state in revenge for his father's like treatment of Heathcliff, comes across as a soccer yob whose big grievance is the foul that Manchester committed against York. No matter what he said I heard it as "Oi, booger you, mate." So, apparently, did Little Cathy. Acted by a Judy Geeson type—the English version of a Tuesday Weld type—she seemed less like the designated restorer of his humanity than a North Country bleached-blond bird nervously trying to kid him out of tearing up the seats so he won't get sacked from the factory and become "redoondant."

What of the romantic leads, the unforgettable lovers, the eternal sweethearts—Big Cathy and Big Heathcliff? She has sharp, irregular features to go with her nervy shrillness and he has a face like a sadistic potato. The channel is all-passion, all-the-time, but chemistry never once rears its head. In fidelity to the book there are no sex scenes, but neither are there any love scenes. He expresses his devotion by decapitating six baby birds but he never says "My sweet, wild Cathy" and she never says "Fill my arms with heather." The famous despairing lines are also left out. We never hear him howl "I can't live without my life, I can't live without my soul!" And the best-known line in the book, "I am Heathcliff, he's more myself than I am," is changed to "I am Heathcliff, I can't bear to live without him," or some such empty-calorie cliché.

So it's not "the way Emily Brontë wrote it" after all, but we should not be surprised. Watch any re-make of an old movie and you will find the same sort of tamping down and blinding out because modern man is embarrassed by consuming passion unless it be about class or race.

The love story is downplayed in favor of a Kitchen-Sink drama with Heathcliff as the Angry Young Man of the working class who breaks furniture and gentlewomen to get even for his origins, which just might

involve Africa. His original classification as a gypsy is quickly dropped in favor of unspecific slurs about his dark complexion and a gratuitous taunt about Isabella's "blonde hair and fair skin," but the viewer can't help noticing that the actor who plays him is not dark at all. He has brown hair and green eyes and is fairer than the brunette Cathy.

Since the script made such an issue of it, why didn't they dye his hair, make up his skin, and give him sable contacts? Why am I asking foolish questions? There was no need to change his appearance because we have entered the age of saying-is-believing. The credits went by too fast to tell if Toni Morrison served as consultant but I guarantee her heart was with them.

THE storyteller's job is to grab us by the scruff of our concentration and glue us to the plot, but like so many modern movies, this one keeps us distracted and jumpy with scenes that turn our stomachs. We see Heathcliff digging up Cathy's grave and embracing her 15-year-old corpse; the drunken Hindley falling in his own vomit; and a kiss that leaves a band of saliva stretched between the lovers' mouths, glistening like a steel bridge at dawn.

They also overdo the eighteenth-century rustic squalor. Anyone who wants to know about wallowing in the wuthering can read the Late Georgian volume in the *Everyday Life in . . .* series (highly recommended), but laboring this point in a love story leaves the audience unable to concentrate on anything except "God, they must smell."

Take it from a confessed escapist: the Old Hollywood practice of prettying up a story beats realism any day. I also plead guilty to "lookism." Democratic inclusiveness has made Laurence Olivier's godlike handsomeness suspect but it is precisely what makes *Wuthering Heights* work. Heathcliff must be a paragon of manly beauty and romantic dash in order for Cathy to find the rich, kind, well-bred Edgar Linton unbearable. If Heathcliff is a potato-face lout, Edgar comes across as what grandmothers used to call "good husband material," which would demolish Brontë's whole point. **NR**

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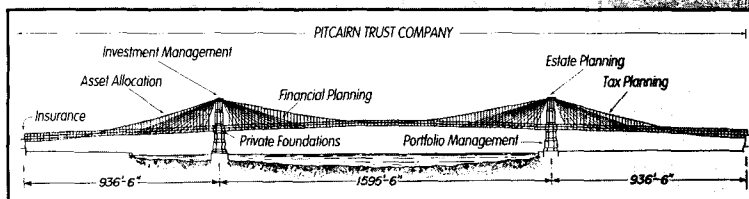
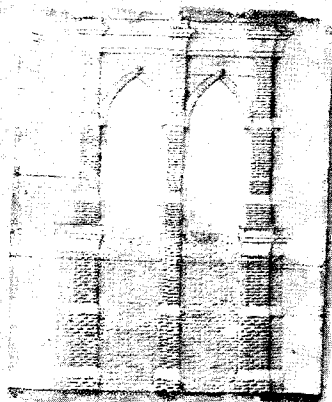


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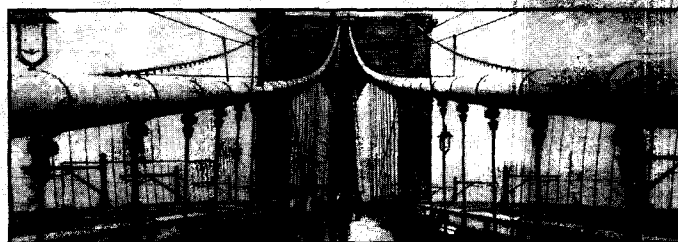
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